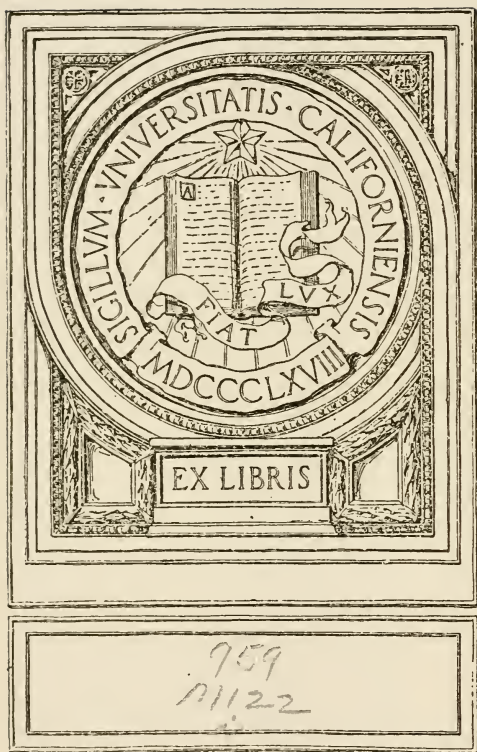


UC-NRLF



B 3 335 739

IRISH
Fire=
side x
Songs



IRISH FIRESIDE SONGS

IRISH FIRESIDE SONGS

BY
P. J. McCALL

DUBLIN
M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.
O'CONNELL STREET
1911

THE MALL
BIRMINGHAM

To
ALICE FURLONG

446643

Prelude

IN ÉIRINN

CHRISTENING caps cover
The Thorns whitely over !
Raven and Pie
Hang cradles high !
Yeanlings trip airy
To fluting of Fairy !—
Children, Children,
Spring is in Éirinn !

Love Minstrels hover
With Harps o'er the clover !
Hedge-mothers shun
Their Changeling Son !
Bee-Piper drowzes
In Rose-gabled houses !—
Milkmaids, Milkmaids,
Summer's in Éirinn !

Crescents ringed pearly
Reap skies of winged barley !
Grey Wizard Rooks
Read Stars in stooks !
Wines o' the Berry
Make Red-Bosoms merry !
Reapers, Reapers,
Autumn's in Éirinn !

*Snow streaks the meadow ;
The Sun wheels his shadow !
Old Dawns in peat
Light chimney seat,
And fling Morning Glories
O'er King-and-Queen Stories !
Neighbours, Neighbours,
Winter's in Éirinn !*

Contents

HISTORICAL BALLADS

	PAGE
The Warrior Gods of Lugh	13
The Burning of Fionn's House	16
The Companions of Patraic	21
The Death of King Brian	24
La Belle Yseult	27
Owen Roe at Dunkirk	29
Seaghain O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna	31
The Ruin of Clann Ranelagh	33
Sailing in the Lowlands Low	35
The Royal Blackbird	37
Kelly of Killann	39
Colclough's Farewell	41

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GAELIC

The Féilire of Adamnan	43
Lord Mayo	45
Mary of Meelick	48
Glede of the Desert	50
The Fairy and the Mother	52
The Yellow Purse	55
Beauty of the World	59

The Shuler	61
The Grey-Green Cat	62
The Palatine's Daughter	64
Lament for Mac an Uibhir	66
Elegy on Seumas O'Murchadha	68

FAIRY SONGS

The King of Ireland's Son	72
The Love Whisperer	74
Conn o' the Hump	77
Anonn's Anall	81
Light o' Love	83
Shaun o' the Stories	87
Son of Brian Buidhe	91
The Herb of Healing	93
The Handsome Brown Boy	95
Lord Landless	98

LOVE SONGS

If I be living in Éirinn	100
My Love will ne'er Forsake Me	102
I am in my Sleeping ! Waken not Me	104
The Banks of the Roses	106
The Boy Crossed in Love	108
Dark Slender Boy	110
Come, Sit down beside Me	112
Kitty's Wishes	113
As I walked on the road to Sligo	115
If Seas were Ink	117

MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS

The Bairin Breac	118
A Wexford Fishing Song	123
Who killed the Fox?	125
Little Red Hen	127
The Far Away Wedding	129
Mother, will you let me to the Fair?	132
Down the Green Lane	133
The Lover's Arithmetic	135
The Tin Ware Lass	137
If all the Young Maidens	140
The Little Speckled Hen	142
The Reading-Made-Easy	145
Freney the Robber	147
Yellow-Haired Molly	150
The Priest in his Boots	152
When the Praties are Dug	154

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

THE WARRIOR GODS OF LUGH.

ANCIENT IRISH BATTLE CHANT.

Lugh, son of the Dagda (the good god) was a chief of those gods of Light and Life, whose adversaries were the Fir Bolg, the Fir Domnann, the Galioin and their gods, the Fomorians.

ELDEST of Plains art thou, Plain of the
Triune Mist!

Wave-leaving, foam-flow'ring rivers around
thee flow!

Throngs of great heroes, their ringlets by
dawn be-kissed,

Over thy meadows of gold under greenness
go—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh!

Salient and straight their tall bodies like
pine trees be:

Eyes, ocean-skimmers, sky-wingers, blue
orbèd all!

Teeth that out-glitter the foam from the
western sea:

Thin ruddy lips of the Quicken Tree's
burning ball—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh!

Shield to each one his huge disc of Findrinna
white—

Sea horse entwined and out-twisted its
boss adorns!

Sword to each one his swift falchion blue-
beamy-bright—

Wondrous its hilt of deer-branchy red-
metal horns—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh!

Woven they halt in strong pliant-knit battle
rows:

Fair in their midst the good son of The
Dagda stands!

Horns wind for conflict! With lips breathing
flame he goes,

Kissing and kindling their swords into
flashing brands—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh!

Foemen they scatter bewhirlèd like ghostless
chaff:

Captives they bind under bonds of nine-
knotted thongs!

Sweetness o'er bitterness rises their feast's
light laugh,

Rippling its gladness from hearts that are
wells of songs—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh!

Matchless in war each is champion, coequal,
good!

Peerless in peace each is poet, to curse,
to bless!

Lore singer, love lilter, minstrel beneath
green wood !

Winner in turn of the final hard game of
chess—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh !

.

Eldest of Plains art thou, Plain of the Triune
Mist—

Wave-leaving, foam-flow'ring rivers around
thee flow !

Throngs of great heroes, their ringlets by
dawn be-kissed,

Over thy meadows of gold under greenness
go—

The Warrior Gods of Lugh !

THE BURNING OF FIONN'S HOUSE.

Founded on a translation by Mr E. J. Gwynne in Eriu. Ailbhè was the wife of Fionn MacCumhail and daughter of Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland. It is Oisín who tells the story.

FLAMY hounds devoured this keep,
Gnawed its pride to ember!
Spectres hold the House of Sleep
We so well remember—
Eerie shapes that laugh and leap!

House of Fionn, how sad thy plight—
Dún once crowned with fairness!
Morna's clann from tombs of night
Shiver at thy bareness—
Weep at beauty's awful blight!

.
Fionn's fair Ailbhè spake these words—
"Loneliest of castles!
Should a hosting cross the fords
Queens would go as vassals—
Menials to unloving lords!"

Fionn's fair Ailbhè laughing spake—
"When our brave and bold men
Perilous far journeys make
Here they leave their old men—
Champions only death may wake!

‘ Let us cheat with Woman’s Cry
These frost-withered wardens ;
Mocking them as fast we fly
Through our leaf-green gardens
To our Grianán bowered high !

“ By the fire block Garad sleeps,
He, awaked at danger,
Will emerge from his eclipse,
With a sunset anger
Flooding twilit eyes and lips !

“ ‘Ware to bind him, beard and head
To our latticed palace,
Lest he wreak a vengeance red
With an old heart’s malice ! ”
Fionn’s fair Ailbhè laughing said.

When was bound the antient’s hair,
All these wilful women
Raised that Cry when wives despair,
Clutched by raping foemen—
Cry that pierceth earth and air !

Up sprang Garad. Hairs were snapped,
Flesh from sinew started,
Fierce as antlered king entrapped,
Till the bindings parted,
And the wild one rose unrapt !

To fair jesters in their fort,
Cried he (eyes upturning)—
“ Old man’s shame be sorry sport ;
Better young wives’ burning—
Merrier jest for such a court ! ”

“ Withered one ! ” Thus did they rail —

“ With the dead foregather ! ”

(Oh, I tremble at the tale,

Like some virgin bather

Shivering 'neath her dripping veil !)

“ Feeble man albeit I be,

One whom age hath dwindled,

Yet shall weaker hearts by me

Here in flames be kindled,

Bright and high that Fionn may see ! ”

Clanging bolts with vigour rude

On their sun-sweet bower,

He went underneath the wood,

Hewing for an hour,

Felling younglings green and good !

With their blooms he filled the halls,

Tessalled floor to ceiling,

Carven seats and bannered walls —

Gold and grace concealing

With the forest children's shawls !

On Fionn's House of Seven Doors,

Seven bolts he fastened,

Sending fire-hounds o'er its floors

From his heart unchastened,

Where an old dog licked his sores !

“ Save me ! royal is my kin ! ”

Shrieked King Cormac's daughter —

“ Garad, must the wife of Fionn

Dree such ruddy slaughter,

Thou without and I within ? ”

“ I'll not save thee, royal one,
 Though thou'rt Cormac's daughter—
I'll not earn Fionn's benison
 Saving thee from slaughter—
Thou hast gamed and I have won ! ”

Vainly Conán's wife implored :
 Vainly spouse of Caoiltè :
Silvery voice on voice outpoured
 Calling on his fealty
To his mistress and his lord !

“ Burn ye ! burn ye ! grave and gay,
 Boldest with the meekest !
Lo, your strong men are away ;
 I am here the weakest ;
And the little child must play ! ”

“ Garad ! Garad ! hear our cries :
 Gifts are thine for choosing !
Pledge we our most precious prize
 For a swift unloosing
To free plains and mistless skies ! ”

Lavish locks of radiant hairs,
 Clipt from heads most royal,
Garad took, yet spurned their prayers—
 Age is seldom loyal—
Servant only of its cares !

Garad took their tressy rings,
 Crowns Love deemed immortal ;
Yet for these sad wives of kings
 Opened not the portal !
Fast they burn and fierce he sings :—

“ May my corse unburialled be
Till the Day of Omen,
If my palsied hands set free
One man-mocking woman !
Now, ye Air Fiends, harry me ! ”

.
House of Sleep, thou’rt ’yond distress !
Queens and red gold treasures :
Dairè’s Harp of Happiness,
Saigan’s Pipe of Pleasures,
Passed with Ailbhè’s loveliness !

THE COMPANIONS OF PATRAIC.

FIFTH CENTURY.

COMPANIONS of Sen Patraic of the
Prayers,
I note ye all, your order and your fame !
No feeble Court were ye ! no Druid snares
Lured one to sin and shame !

Sechnall was his pure Bishop, Macht his
Priest,
Erc was his sweet-tongued Judge—these
chrysmèd three
Towered greatest who each seemèd last and
least
'Mong his white companie !

MacCairthinn was his Champion, hero-souled;
Benenn his Psalmist ; Coemh, his Chamber-
lain !
Sinell the bronzen bells of mourning tolled,
When Christ at Mass was slain !

The gentle Aithcenn cooked the vermeil meat,
The modest Mescenn brewed the amber
ale ;
And blue-eyed Bescna, while the rest did eat,
Sang of the Gaul and Gael !

MacCecht, Labann and Forchern worked in
ore ;
Aisbitt, Tairill and Tassa carved in wood ;
Odrann, his Charioteer, unblemished bore
Christ's mark of grace—The Rood !

Rodann MacBraga hill sheep shepherded—
Their wool Sen Patraic's seven sisters
spun ;
And for their brother's band, hand deftly
made
Gold laines like the sun !

Beloved was Carnach, whose hand once did
pour
Heaven's waters on a master's youthful
brow ;
Beloved was Germann, wise in holy lore,
Who taught him, Teacher now !

Blest bird-voiced Manach, singing through
the wood,
Sharp hewing their purveyance of green
coal !
Blest Banb and Mairtinn, brethren of his
blood ;
Blest Cannach, child-like soul !

Blest were ye, twin dark daughters of
Glerenn—
Cribri and Lasra, who Mass mantles wove !
Blest were MacCrae and Earc, God-seeing
men !
Blest, Brogann, Quill of Love !

Thou, Lugh, his guide ; thou, Machui, foster-
frère,
The helmsman and breast brother shall be
sung—
The shining names cascade, enrainbowed
rare,
O'erflowing heart to tongue !

Good, good the man, whose family they were !
To him God gave a crosier without grief !
And chiefs who loved sweet bells and sought
in prayer
The Waters of Relief !

Thou, God most powerful in Thy Trinity,
Distribute 'mong us all the boon of Love !
O King, oft moved by Patraic, keep for me
Thy lowliest place above !

THE DEATH OF KING BRIAN.

A LAY OF CLONTARF, 1014.

FIFTY Psalms with their Orates
And their Paternosters said,
Brian, praying 'neath his shield-burg,
Towards his gilla turned a head :—
“ Tell me, Laitan, of the conflict ?
Who are living ? Who are dead ? ”

“ Mixed and mingled go the heroes
In a tangled multitude !
Echoes come from foreheads crashing,
As from forest giants hewed ;
Such as when our seven battalions
Level oaks in Tomar's Wood ! ”—
“ And our standard ? ”—“ It is waving
Over Murrough drenched with blood ! ”

Fifty Psalms with their Orates
And their Paternosters said,
Brian, praying 'neath his shield-burg,
Towards his gilla turned a head :—
“ Tell me, Laitan, of the conflict ?
Who are living ? Who are dead ? ”

“ No man's eye could face distinguish ;
Father would not know his son !
From the rocks of war down fallen
Bloody wells from fissures run !

Those who live fight slow and weary,
Battle sets like winter sun !"—
"And our standard?"—"Still 'tis waving
Over Murrough westwards gone !"

Fifty Psalms with their Orates
And their Paternosters said,
Brian, praying 'neath his shield-burg,
Towards his gilla turned a head :—
"Tell me, Laitan, of the conflict?
Who are living? Who are dead?"

"'Tis as if old Tomar's forest
Hath been pierced by fiery rain.
All its young green shoots have perished,
Naught but scorched trunks remain!
Dire confusion! Like when rye mill
Wrongly turned reverts the grain!"—
"And our standard?"—"Fallen, fallen!
Murrough and his son are slain!"

No more Psalms with their Orates,
No more Paternosters said,
Brian, pacing from his shield-burg,
Towards the gilla kept his head :—
"Tell me, Laitan, of the conflict?
Is one living? Are all dead?"

"People come!"—"What kind of
people?"—
"'Tis a blue stark naked horde!"
"Danes!" The aged Brian starting
Drew his falchion at the word!

In rushed Brodar : flashed two weapons—
Pirate's axe and Ardrigh's sword !—
Chant, white Priests, and shriek, green
Valkyrs,
For your dead at Tolka's Ford !

LA BELLE YSEULT.

Yseult, from whom Chapelized near Dublin takes its name, was, legends say, daughter of Aonghus King of Ireland. The love story of Trystan and Yseult is of world-wide fame.

WEEP this Irish maid of the blue-black
hair,
And of eyes like dawns o'er her isle
beyond !
Know, all men, this Fairest of Maidens Fair—
She was Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !
The dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !

Hath a land such skies? Yea, o'er Liffè's
wave,
Heaven's greys and azures each morn
respond
To eyes her father for birthright gave
His young Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !
His dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !

Whoe'er brightly loveth holds life for long ;
Whoe'er darkly loveth gives Death His
bond—
He hath forfeit taken and stilled the song

Of young Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !
This dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !

Dead claim their quick ! Not alone she lies :
By her side sleeps Trystan that loved so
fond,
Nor finds it gleamless where shine the eyes
Of his Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !
His dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !

Sleep, thou Bravest Brave, and thou Fairest
Fair !
Lovers, love-a-mourning, do not despond ;
Plant a vine for him, a wild rose for her—
For dead Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !
Our dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond !

OWEN ROE AT DUNKIRK.

1642.

TIME glides away and Ireland groans!
No land could bear such miseries,
Till hearts are made from mountain stones
And blood from valley seas!
She groans, this tortured outworn land,
Hurled from the fever-heights of hope—
There comes no help from sovran hand
Of Emperor or Pope!

False friends within, fierce foes without,
Disdain afar, distrust anear
She groans and through the dark and doubt
Her agony I hear!
Till I, whose sword was pledged to Spain
For service in this Low Countrie,
Feel maddened by these plaints of pain
That call me oversea!

For I am of that land a part—
Thy true born son, most mournful Queen!
And every pang that rends thy heart
Strikes mine as sharp and keen!
Thy children's cries, thy women's prayers,
Thy men's hoarse urgings cleave my soul,
Borne hither on wet westering airs
And waves that restless roll!

To-day I claim my sword and go
With many an exiled brother chief,
And strong as Death shall be our blow
To give our land relief!
Farewell, farewell, thou Low Countrie :
Farewell, ye comrades of Old Spain !
Before my frigate puts to sea,
My sword is home again !

SEAGHAIN O'DUIBHIR A'GHLEANNA.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

A SONG OF THE CROMWELLIAN WARS.

The name of this hero, phonetically put, would sound something like Shaun O'Dwee'ir agh lanna. This will accord with the assonance which runs through the poem.

A T peep of day I started
From Dreamland's Fairy Palace,
A peal o'er nature rattled
And made the heavens quake !
The Green Bird and the Badger
Fought fiercely in the valley,
The wee birds were all gathered
Like sere leaves in the brake !
I viewed in deep distraction
A rude unequal battle :
Too soon the Green Bird, vanquished,
Was trampled under shame !
O morn of grief and anguish,
Distraught, I freed my anger—
“ Ah, Seaghain O'Duibhir a'Ghleanna,
We're worsted in the game ! ”

To me away from pathways,
Far fleeing blame and laughter,
That eve the radiant Banba
 Appeared like goddess fair !
And while I gazed enchanted
At sight of this rare phantom,
Her lightning blade, outflashing,
 Flung bright day on the air !
She cried :—" O daring champion,
Ere you invade my garden
In this green ancient alley,
 Pray tell me whence you came ? "
" From Galway by extraction,
But born in Connemara ;
And Seaghain O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna
 Men call me by name ! "

She sighed :—" Since morn the blackbird
Sat silent on the bramble ;
The bright thrush scorned to gather
 One dewdrop from the spray !
No swallows drave their chariots,
No larks scaled sunny ladders,
No cuckoos said in arbours,
 Their litanies of May !
Yet though all cheeks show ghastly,
Though bawn and street grow grassy,
No thong of fiendish passion
 My strong young hearts can tame !
Go, doff your fleecy garments,
Put on stout steel and armour ;
And, Seaghain O'Duibhir a' Ghleanna,
 We yet will win the game ! "

THE RUIN OF CLANN RANELAGH.

Speaker : Daithi O'Bruadar, Bard of the O'Byrnes.

Time : End of Seventeenth Century.

NO wheat lies eared in O'Brinn's broad
ploughlands,
No oak fires blaze in his plenteous house ;
And the frae and fern are my only cover
'Mid whistling plover and whirring grouse—
The hapless bard—
The harpless bard—
The bard of Clann Ranelagh !

The sweet red lark hath a sod of verdure,
The shy brown hare hath green latticed
rest ;
But my princely chief goeth homeless, land-
less,
Uncrownèd, wandless from East to West—
My ringèd chief—
My kingly chief—
The chief of Clann Ranelagh !

May morns of brightness veil flowers with
whiteness,
Midsummer noons clothe the wheat with
gold ;

But the ancient Gaels wear the rags of mean-
ness,
Dree night's uncleanness and winter's
cold—
The famished Gaels—
The banished Gaels—
The Gaels of Clann Ranelagh !

As the pert pie glees in old ruined eyries,
As the foul fox glaps in dead lions' dens ;
So the glib-tongued Saxon in lone dúns
talketh,
And scatheless stalketh through death-
calmed glens—
The silent glens—
The smileless glens—
The glens of Clann Ranelagh !

See his hogs uprooting the Sidhe's love
liosses,
Hear his huxters brawling i' the Thrushes'
Wood !
He hath my curse ! Sad 'tis, Mother Erin,
Thou should'st be rearing his mongrel
brood—
A dastard brood—
A bastard brood—
The heirs to Clann Ranelagh !

SAILING IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

A SMUGGLER'S SONG.

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Air No. 182 in Dr Joyce's "Old Irish Folk
Music and Songs."

DUNMORE we quitted,
Michaelmas gone by,
Cow hides and wool, and—live cargo !
(Twenty young Wild Geese
Ready fledged to fly !)
Sailing in the Lowlands Low !

Shaun Poer's the skipper,
From the church of Crook—
Piery keeps log for his father !
Crew all from Bannow,
Fethard and The Hook—
Sailing in the Lowlands Low !

These twenty Wild Geese
Gave Queen Anne the slip,
Crossing to Lewey in Flanders :
He and Jack Malbrook
Both are in a grip,
Fighting in the Lowlands Low !

Close lay a rover
Off the Isle of Wight,
Either a Salee or Saxon!
Out through a sea mist
We bade them good night,
Sailing for the Lowlands Low!

Ready with priming
We'd our galliot gun:
Muskets and pikes in good order!
We should be riddled—
Captives would be none!
Death! or else the Lowlands Low!

Pray, holy Brendan,
Turk nor Algerine,
Dutchman nor Saxon may sink us!
We'll bring Geneva
Rack and Rhenish wine
Safely from the Lowlands Low!

THE ROYAL BLACKBIRD.

JACOBITE SONG, 1745.

Air in Bunting's "Irish Minstrelsy," p. 72.

A WAKE! The Fairy Harper goeth under
greenwood singing.

Whose ancient lay this break o' day,

Gives joy we rarely know!

He calls! and all the little birds flit down the
mountain winging—

On pinions fleet, a king to greet,

Their bills of sweetness go!

For 'tis their long lost Blackbird!

Their whistling glossy Blackbird!

Who Summer brings upon his wings to dawn
upon his own!

A Hundred Thousand Welcomes!

Nine Hundred Thousand Welcomes!

With God's glad grace they yet shall place
their King upon his throne!

Rejoice, ye hidden foresters, who lingered
for his homing—

Go, seek for him green leafy limb

Whereon to build his nest!

Alas, 'twas sword of sorrow that so long he
stayed a-roaming;

Nor crossed the main when he might reign

The High King of the West!

He sings, your loyal Blackbird !
Your ringed, your Royal Blackbird !
He Summer brings upon his wings to dawn
upon his own !
A Hundred Thousand Welcomes !
Nine Hundred Thousand Welcomes !
With God's sweet grace ye yet will place
your King upon his throne !

Then come, O Royal Blackbird, to thy home
within the forest—
A leafy oak shall be the cloak
That screens thee from the blast !
And yon green Bench of Rushes when the
storm and stress beat sorest,
Shall be the bed whereon thy head
May rest, till night be past !
Then welcome, roving Blackbird !
Our gentle, loving Blackbird !
Who Summer bringest on thy wings to dawn
upon thine own !
A Hundred Thousand Welcomes !
Nine Hundred Thousand Welcomes !
With God's glad grace we yet shall place
thee on thy Triple Throne !

KELLY OF KILLANN.

A '98 SONG.

“**W**HAT'S the news? What's the news?
O, my Bold Shelmalier,
With your long barrelled gun of the sea?
Say, what wind from the sun blows his
messenger here,
With a hymn of the dawn for the free?”—
“Goodly news! Goodly news, do I bring,
Youth of Forth;
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy Man!
For the Boys march at morn from the South
to the North,
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killann!”

“Tell me who is that giant with gold curling
hair—
He who rides at the head of your band?
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to
spare,
And he looks like a king in command!”—
“Ah, my lads, that's the Pride of the Bold
Shelmaliers,
'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man!—
Fling your beavers aloft and give three
ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killann!”

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is
won,
And the Barrow to-morrow we'll cross !
On a hill o'er the Town we have planted a
gun
That will batter the gateways of Ross !
All the Forth men and Bargy men march
o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead on the van ;
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of
Death
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killann !

.
But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened
at Ross,
And it set by the Slaney's red waves ;
And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung
high on a cross,
And her heart pierced by traitors and
slaves !
Glory O ! Glory O ! to her brave sons who
died
For the cause of long down-trodden man !
Glory O ! to Mount Leinster's own darling
and pride—
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killann !

COLCOUGH'S FAREWELL.

After the Battle of Vinegar Hill, John Colclough of Ballyteig Castle, Barony of Bargy, was captured on the Saltee Islands and executed on the Old Bridge of Wexford, June 28th, 1798.

Air : " Bunclody."

FAREWELL, Enniscorthy !
John Colclough takes a fond farewell !
Green Hill o'er the Slaney !
Old Windmill where our heroes fell !
Farewell, Town o' Wexford—
Our capital thro' Freedom's strife !
On thy Bridge o'er Wide Waters,
At morning I lay down my life !

Farewell, Faithful Gorey !
Good Scarawalsh ! Bright Ballaghkeen !
Whose sons first at Oulart
Uplifted high our flag of green !
God foster your manhood,
From the Bann to Blackwater shore !
Farewell, Bright Ballaghkeen—
True breed of the Macamore !

Farewell, Bold Shelmalier,
Whose trusty guns laid tyrants low !
Ye ne'er knew dishonour,
Ye never quailed before the foe !

How brave was your bearing,
At the Three Rocks and Ross's Walls !
Farewell, Bold Shelmalier—
Ye'll fight again when Ireland calls !

Farewell, Stout Shelburne,
And Wild Bantry, whose deeds were great,
By Boro and Barrow,
To The Three Bullets' bloody Gate !
O souls robed in honour,
Fearless brethren in valour's fight,
More glad be your story,
When again ye raise the Hand of Right !

Farewell, Forth and Bargo,
From the Tuskar to Bannow sands !
Who still fight unvanquished,
Afar in Meath's green-grassy lands !
Ye sons of long fighters,
May victory yet crown your worth !
Farewell, Bargo Barony,
And Ballyteig that gave me birth !

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GAELIC

THE FÉILIRE OF ADAMNAN.

ANCIENT IRISH LITANY.

Original in Ériu Vol I.. Part ii.

SAINTS of Four Seasons !
Saints of the Year !

Loving, I pray to you ; longing, I say to
you :

Save me from angers, dreeings, and
dangers !

Saints of Four Seasons !

Saints of the Year !

Saints of Green Springtime !

Saints of the Year !

Patraic and Grighair,¹ Brighid be near !

My last breath gather with God's Foster
Father !

Saints of Green Springtime !

Saints of the Year !

¹ Grighair (pr. Gree'hir), Gregory.

Saints of Gold Summer !

Saints of the Year !

(Poesy wingeth me ! Fancy far bringeth
me !)

Guide ye me on to Mary's Sweet Son !

Saints of Gold Summer !

Saints of the Year !

Saints of Red Autumn !

Saints of the Year !

Lo ! I am cheery ! Michil and Mary

Open wide Heaven to my soul bereaven !

Saints of Red Autumn !

Saints of the Year !

Saints of Grey Winter !

Saints of the Year !

Outside God's Palace fiends wait in
malice—

Let them not win my soul going in !

Saints of Grey Winter !

Saints of the Year !

Saints of Four Seasons !

Saints of the Year !

Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,

Life in its Night, hold me God's light !

Saints of Four Seasons !

Saints of the Year !

LORD MAYO.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GAELIC OF
O'MURRAY.

Dr Joyce, who gives both air and text of this song in his "Irish Music and Song," says :—"The words of this song were composed sometime in the 17th century for Lord Mayo of Castleburke near Castlebar, by David O'Murray, the blind bard of the family. O'Murray had incurred the displeasure of his lord, who had in consequence banished him from the mansion. But having been a whole year in exile, he suddenly appeared on Christmas night, harp in hand, in the great hall where the joyous festivities were going on, and struck up this song. It is an appeal for mercy and forgiveness ; and we are told that Lord Mayo was so moved by it that he forgave the erring bard and restored him to his old place of honour."

I HAVE left a Bed of Sorrow,
And crept since dawned this morrow,
To halls with light pierced thorough,
And wine's ruby glow !
My lord, thy hand of power,
Like lightning winged with shower,
Did smite and sweep my bower
Of singing from Mayo !
I stand, of heart immortal,
Outside thy streaming portal ;
My body, frail and mortal,
Feels north breezes blow !

A year of misty grieving,
No sun its gloom relieving,
Hath left me scarcely living,
An exile from Mayo !

In His name, The King of Graces !
In His, who saved all races,
Though swart or sweet their faces,
Thy clemency bestow !
Upon this night, when Heaven
Sees homeless ones forgiven,
Let not thy bard be driven,
To darkness from Mayo !
The Bells of Rome are ringing,
Her choirs of priests are singing ;
While angels o'er them winging
Proclaim peace below !
Peace ! else to cold grave creeping,
My heart will go in sleeping,
Nor feel Time's slow hand heaping,
His sands upon my woe !

Thou, gracious Dame,¹ sweet warden
Of roses in Love's garden,
Ask thy dear lord to pardon
The fault of one not slow !
I sang for thee, a maiden—
The fairest out of Aidenn,
Who now art wife, enwreathen
With living blooms ablowl
And thou², the primal flower

¹ Mary, wife of Lord Mayo.

² Tuboid, or Theobald Burke, the heir.

Of her rich blossom-dower,
Plead for me, and my shower
Of benisons shall flow !
He, Who in youths delighted
Will crown with halo lighted
Thy brow, to drive affrighted
The strangers from Mayo !

'Tis to pretty Sivaun¹ twining
Her mother's ringlets shining,
I turn my blind eyes, pining
For light to see her so !
O babe, whom mother dresseth,
Whom father fond caresseth,
Thy head a sad bard blesseth—
True daughter of Mayo !
My lord, I'm old and hoary,
Yet long to sing thy glory,
Thy frays and forays gory
Of days, long, long ago !
Bring me beneath thy ceiling ;
Drive back the mist, concealing
The sunny breast, revealing
Thy lion heart, Mayo !

¹ Siobhan, or Judith Burke.

MARY OF MEELICK.

Original in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy."

SWEET secret love, art sick or sad?
Alone, I hoped to find thee!
Meshed in thy hair for good or bad
Thy radiant tresses blind me!
I marvel should'st thou changèd be,
And pray thou yet may'st bless me—
Arise, white one, bring me the dawn,
These mists of night distress me!

'Tis, ó-chón-o! when Joy is dead!
Tis ó-chón-o! when heart is blighted!
My light of life shone from thy head,
This day I go benighted!
I lose my feet where four roads meet,
Till briary chains entrave me;
Forlorn of Hope I blindly grope
To Love that will not save me!

On granite stone grain-sparkles burn
This morn of Summer's childhood;
The fish in shadowy waters turn,
The rabbits flirt through wildwood!
There's bud on branch, there's bird in nest,
There's music sweetly making:
Thy wooer west would journey blest
Yon road to Meelick taking!

Deep in my heart this picture glows :
Thy cool,¹ thy mouth of honey,
Thy cheeks where burn the leaves of rose ;
Thy bosom's snowflakes sunny !
Twin heart ! Luck may no rival find,
Who woos thee, Love's fair riever !
If to him kind my uncaged mind
Will leave me, witless griever !

My wound ! With thee I may not share
Some lone west isle, O Mary !
The gold Cool'd one and Aed the Fair
Would there live fond as fairy !
It ne'er will be ! It ne'er shall be !
Thou maid, till Death wilt grieve me—
No cure I see ; nail boards for me ;
Let Kilmaine's clay receive me !
¹ Cool (cul), a head of hair.

GLEDE OF THE DESERT.

A WRESTLING DIALOGUE.

Original in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,"
Vol. v.

A space having been cleared for wrestling, the challenger (representing the Sun) stands in the middle of the arena. To him enters an intending competitor, "The Glede or Kite of the Desert." At the end of the following dialogue they wrestle.

Glede—

LET me pass through thy gate, glowing
Sun?

For ambitious am I to win fame!

Sun—

Wherefore comest thou, wild Desert one?
Dost excel in a King's wrestling game?

Glede—

I am come wearing rings, bearing bands,
Out of lands under sands, far-a-lone!

Sun—

Rover, ownest thou lands under sands?
I, the Sun, have no lands of mine own!

Glede—

These my lands under sands I enjoy
By the strength of my sinewy arm!

Sun—

Yet I know a brown ringletted boy
That can wreak on thee hurting and harm !

Glede—

Can he throw me like furze-faggot down?
Then knee-press and hand-bind me with
thongs?

Sun—

He will make thee Fame's pitiful clown,
The poor theme of an old woman's songs !

Glede—

Can he do so? Mine own promised wife
Looketh on with a heart full of fire !

Sun—

He will bind bone and body for life,
And then fling thee to rot in the mire !

Glede—

Hither summon this Dream-ringèd youth !
Call this hero from Sleep's battlefield !

Sun—

I am He, whose strong words are of truth,
Who will die ere he victory yield !

THE FAIRY AND THE MOTHER.

Original in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,"
Vol. v.

A mother nursing her baby (as yet unbaptized) is approached by a fairy anxious to obtain possession of the infant. The fairy hopes by making little of the child to irritate the mother, so as to leave her "without a word," in which case the child becomes a fairy possession. But the mother in the following verses, gives a suitable repique to each phrase and the child is not "worded away" !

Fairy—

HE is a sad ungracious child,
All withered, wizened bare !
Splay feet he hath, and nerveless limbs
That may not press green earth !

Mother—

He is mine own red rosy child,
Plump, worthy of my care !
My yew, my rush, my bird and eggs,
My laughter and my mirth !

Fairy—

He is a wound ; he is a sore :
He is a worthless child !
A stone, a clod, a soulless weight
That maketh mother grieve !

Mother—

He is my house, my calvèd cows,
My barn with barley piled !
My scented rose, my singing bird,
My star of morn and eve !

Fairy—

He is a town-bred huxter's child,
A coward, bloodless, vain !
Whose hair like stubble, sheer and sharp,
The mother's bosom stings !

Mother—

He is the son of ocean chief—
His father is a Dane !
His curly head around my heart
Twines flossy silken rings !

Fairy—

He is the spawn of beggar folk—
Why should such one be clad ;
But left in sorry nakedness
In badger's ruined keep ?

Mother—

A hero born ! around his form
Seven colours I will plaid !
He'll dance on knees, he'll drink at breast,
And pulsed on bosom sleep !

Fairy—

He's basely born ! fling him away
Afar to piggish fold,
To wallow in black seething ooze,
And snore on bed of night !

Mother—

He's truly born ! a coat of green
Wrist ruffled with the gold,
And shirt of saffron shall be his,
In chamber sunned with light !

Fairy—

He's demon born ! through caves and clefts,
Let him at midnight crawl,
And live on toad and venom'd spume—
His laugh the cursing word !

Mother—

He's princely born ! the sound of harps
Shall echo through his hall,
And ale and wine and champions' meat
Shall grace his plenteous board !

THE YELLOW PURSE.

A mock lament from the Gaelic of Eoghain Ruadh O'Suilliobhain in O'Daly's "Irish Miscellany." O'Daly says :—It was composed for a country girl who lost her purse in a heap of straw. To give the reader an idea of what constituted the purses of the period, they were made of the bladder of a pig, well seasoned, and of a very flexible texture."

The Bard—

WITH my brogues in fist through night's
rolling mist,

I o'er-tripped and kissed a bemoaning
maid !

My lone prostrate girl of sun-blossom curl,
Wandered all a-whirl for her purse mis-
laid !

Sing : On Market Monday ! On Market
Monday !

On Market Monday bad came to
worse !

Unborn for leisure, my cost of
pleasure

Was loss of treasure, my Yellow
Purse !

The Girl—

I would stand a crown in the Tavern down,

If in span of gown I could once more feel

A Boy's fit prize to my joy-lit eyes

Through the coils and plies of an Irish
reel !

I will try, dear lover, Green Ireland over,
Till I discover thy boon adrift ;
I will sweep the floor over street and store,
Under sleet and hoar, to regain thy gift !

'Twas once lent to Ovid by friend belovèd ;
'Twas spent by Homer of the Golden Quill ;
And with Mael-nam-Bo it sailed to and fro,
O'er Creation's Flow, at sweet woman's
will !

Once on Dido's breast it reclined at rest,
In a twilit nest of disdain and love ;
And Diana, tearful, once clasped it, fearful
Of champions nearing her sacred grove !

The sun-speckled Dermuid did reckless
bear it,
Fate-feckless worried by the Grey Boar's
Tusk ;
'Twas with Iatach slaying the Piast affraying,
The beast's blood spraying his corrach's
rusk !

It was scattered gaily by the bard O'Daly,
On his marriage day in a Connacht glade,
With mead cups brimming and reeds out-
ringing,
For chieftain winning Loch Gearmain's
Maid !

Like gold 'twas shining with Noah pining,
In bold Ark twining its midnight march,
Until his store over hill and shore,
Found a stilly floor 'neath a rainbow arch !

It once fared with Jason o'er Earth's tipped
basin,
In wave-swift race for The Golden Fleece ;
With the Boy false wooing to Troy's un-
doing,
His choice one's rueing a kingless Greece !

It once spanned winging o'er sunlands
singing,
With Cannie Finn in his ship of lawn ;
And it made for Dubhling a shade of cooling,
When The Blade of Ruling he stole from
dawn !

It saved Fair Cleena one pearly evening
When she deceived a guest untrue ;
'Twas with Aoife binding Lir's Three Babes,
finding
The fleet unkind of Old Meela Ruadh !

'Twas with Deirdrè faring to fateful Éirinn,
Foretelling therein her Naisi's death ;
'Twas with Samson wheedled by damsel's
treason,
And with Bacchus squeezing a wine-red
wreath !

The Fool who married the Gruagach's
Darling,
For use oft carried this Purse, gold-lined !
'Twas with Long-Tressed Maeve o'er the
strong west wave,
In an unblest grave that no man may find !

'Twas with Fortunatus, in whose moon-
palace

My beauteous casket shone rich and rare,
With pence and silver for men and children,
But yellow pieces for maidens fair !

The Bard—

This Purse of Light that was hers last night,
Lies a cursèd sight, as if cut by knives !

'Twas torn and trampled, 'twas scorned and
stamped on,

'Mid hornpipe dancing by tinkers' wives !

Sing : On Market Monday, on Market
Monday,

On Market Monday bad came
to worse !

On Market Monday, Day after
Sunday,

She lost at noonday, this
Yellow Purse !

BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

Original in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,"
Vol. v.

"GLEEK! Gleeek!" cried Feelán the
Sailor,
(A seagull with bronze on his breast)—
"'Tis my own boy's the Little Brown Beauty,
Outflown from his sea-wrack nest!
He is bold, he is brave on the great ninth
wave,
Like gold apple blown from the west!"

"Gorr! Gorr!" cried Fannach the Fisher,
(A rock raven, hooded and pied)—
"'Tis my own babe's the Little Blue Birdie,
Outgone for his ocean ride!
My silver blue chick cleaves ever so quick
Like star the white clouds of the tide!"

"Cnog! Cnog!" cried Fiach the Fowler,
(A raven with middle-night's coat)—
"'Tis my own child's the Little War-Hero,
Out cutting yon fledgling's throat!
No lamb on the moor hath eyeball secure
From beak like fire arrow afloat!"

"Tchute! Tchute!" cried Dargán the
Hunter,
(A white hawk that scales the height)—

"'Tis my own son's the Little Bright
Blossom,
High poised in the Dawn Ring's light!
O Fairest of Fair! thy coat I compare,
To the snow of a single night!"

"Glig! Glig!" cried Tullar the Torie,
(An eagle bestriding the air)—
"Who talks of Brown Beauty? Blue Birdie?
War-Hero and Fairest of Fair?
Awake, my wee one from thy cradle the Sun,
And dazzle the world with thy glare!"

THE SHULER.

An assonantal rendering from the Gaelic of the Rev. Father English. Original in O'Daly's "Irish Miscellany." A shuler is a traveller, *i.e.*, a beggar.

I HEAR sweet lays of dealers' ways ;
I hear meet praise of priestly habit—
Give me the praise, give me the bays ;
My easy trade is, see and have it !

When weevils prey on leaf and spray,
When fevers slay and east winds harden,
When seedlings fail and weeds prevail,
I hear no wailing in my garden !

How sweet to wake from sleep and take
Your cheerful way through fields enchanted,
Where seat or chair is free as air—
No fee is paid, no leave is granted !

Some evil day meat keeps away :
Succeeds the day I heap my basket !
Some day the ale with me may fail :
Some eve again the people ask it !

THE GREY-GREEN CAT.

A GAELIC NURSERY RHYME.

Original in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,"
Vol. v.

QUOTH the sleek little Luke¹
From his chink in the nook—
"Art thou watching my door,
Whiskered Hound of the House?"
"Nay; I'm not on the watch;
I but forty winks snatch.
Since the Wars are all o'er,
I have not touched a mouse!
Now, o'er hill and through grove
Men and animals move,
Bound in Friendship, Good Fellowship,
Freedom and Love!"

"O, my Grey-Greeny Lad!
Dear's the knowledge I've had,
When thine ivory claw,
'Neath its velvety sole,
Whipped at dusk yesterday,
My new bride far away—
'Tis myself barely saw
Mine own body come whole!
Say, thou croppy-eared one!
Is this peace but begun
Since thou'st seen I'll not venture
To death in the sun?"
¹ Luke, from *Luch*, Gaelic for mouse.

“ Say, thou Son of that Thief—
The Grim Rapparee Chief!

Why thou braved'st the show'r,
Upon Michaelmas night?”

“ I just turned on my heel,
Some meat mincing to steal—

It was Cats' evil hour!

It was Cats' bitter plight!
For a man with a lamp,
Some sad son of a scamp!

Saw my body that glimmered,
Mist-silvered and damp!”

“ Well?”—“ This murderous man
At my soft bosom ran;

He put foul disrepute,

On my poor father gone!

And with knife, blue and clear,
Sliced away my right ear,

From its russet red root,

In the grisly grey bone!”

“ Musha! Cat, I'll not move;

For thou failest to prove

Any Friendship, Good Fellowship,
Freedom, or Love!”

THE PALATINE'S DAUGHTER.

OLD FOLK SONG AND LILT.

Original appeared in a Programme of the Oireachteas.

UPON a fine, bright Market Day,
Through Ballasheeda coming—
(*Ri ti, addle oodle,*
Day ri, fol-de-deedle,
Ti ri, addle oodle,
Tol di O !)

I met the comely daughter
Of the Palatine out roaming!
(*Ri ti, etc.*)

She asked my name and dwelling-place,
And, "Will you be my Dandy?"
And, "If you'll see me home, my folk
Will give you wine and brandy!"
Said I: "I'm from Cureeny side,
A young man, neat and handy!"
(*Ri ti, etc.*)

I drew up closely to her side,
And kissed her lips twice over!
(*Ri ti, etc.*)

Saying: "If I see you home, my dear,
Pray, will you be my lover?"
(*Ri ti, etc.*)

Said she: "Be not afraid of that;
I'll wed you and no other!"

You're just the boy to steal a girl
From father and from mother !
I've stock on land ! " said she. Said I :—
" Let that not make a bother !"
(*Ri ti*, etc.)

LAMENT FOR MAC AN UIBHIR.

BY HIS FOSTER MOTHER.

Original in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition,"
Vol. v.

O GOOD son of Euar,
Of heart pure and noble !
'Tis little I thought,
On morn and its trouble !
Thyself to be drowned,
Thy Birralinn¹ shattered—
Could hardness not hold,
What softness hath scattered ?
Ho-ron O-ron, O !

Why, boat, did'st thou yield ?
Why, post, wast thou lifted ?
Why, stern, and why, sides,
Were your oak stanchions shifted ?
His cloak folds the sea—
A bosom far stronger :
His head to the osprey,
His heart to the conger !
Ho-ron O-ron, O !

O good son of Euar,
Of heart pure and noble !
'Tis little I thought
On morn and its trouble !

¹ Birralinn (Bior-linn), a boat used on lakes.

No brother to sister,
No husband to wife,
No one son to mother ;
And I, without life !
Ho-ron, O-ron, O !

ELEGY ON SEUMAS O'MURCHADHA.

WHO DIED ON VALENTIA ISLAND.

From the Gaelic of Domhnal O'Loinseadh in
"The Shamrock."

IN Cahirciveen without man's strength,
Weak, lifeless in the clay,
Deep, deep beyond a mighty slab,
Reclines my matchless one !
My friend, a hundred thousand times !
My fair, gold harvest Sun !
Who shared his rays of comfort,
With each one who went the way !
Ochone ! Ochone !

His door stood ever open,
To the poor through shine or snow—
Ah, homeless ones, your welcome,
Was a welcome from a King !
This chief, ye band of love, is gone,
And prayerful hands ye wring,
As your eyes rest on his father
And his mother under woe !
Ochone ! Ochone !

In Iveragh the pleasant,
The Death sits in the glen !
The Fair Maid of the Mountain,
Shuns the Pass of Melody !

Grief broods o'er Ballinskellig,
And o'er Castle Geoghegan dree,
Since the Champion of Green Dairbry
Slipped beneath the lands of men !

Ochone ! Ochone !

The Champion of Green Dairbry,
Whose white soul had not a stain !
Our striplings' Sun, our maidens' Moon,
Our land's young Oak in bloom !
Men in their tens of hundreds,
Come to gaze upon his tomb,
From the wrack of Ceann na Mara,
To the rushes of Loch Léin !

Ochone ! Ochone !

The mouth of honied Gaelic,
That could sing our country's lays,
And tell her royal stories,
Is 'neath spells for evermore !
Who will unlock his legends,
Of the free Fianna corps,
The love-dreams of Old Oisin,
And young Oscar's battle-frays ?

Ochone ! Ochone !

He welcomed ye, he welcomed ye,
O men of many tales !

He welcomed ye, O Pipers,
When your fairies rode the air !
Beneath a flag Song's welcomer
Now lieth cold and fair ;
And no man laughs in haggarts—
No bird sings in the vales !

Ochone ! Ochone !

Who that beheld our shapely one,
So gentle in his might,
That morn he made his turas,¹
To Valentia of the Sidhe,
Could have foreseen that Death with him
Put helming out to sea,
Till Emlyowen's Banshee,
Wailed her darling all the night ?
Ochone ! Ochone !

At Emlyowen in harvest,
He would rise to greet the dawn,
Where sparkled olden memories,
Of MacCumhail's peerless days !
And early, early with the lark,
We heard his song of praise,
When on his way to cut the red
Seaweed of Killilaun !
Ochone ! Ochone !

From Killilaun, from Kintra,
From the Border of the Birds,
From hospitable Derrynane,
From Neideen and from Rath,
Came bands of youths and maidens
To make soft his funeral path—
O, brave young man, within our hearts,
You left ten thousand swords !
Ochone ! Ochone !

The summer is a winter,
From the Vale of Mists to Screen ;

¹ Turas, a journey.

For Seumas of the Friends is gone,
His sweetheart Bird-alone !
For many and many a moon we'll find
This mourner by his stone,
Whene'er we bring our holy dead,
To the Cille of Cahirciveen !
Ochone ! Ochone !

FAIRY SONGS.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 535.

YE maids inclined for marriage bonds
Haste to the Quicken Tree,
Where put in print like glittering stars
Is nailed the King's decree!
A wife is sought for far and wide—
Some dear and darling one:
And the Bridegroom is the Light of Life—
The King of Ireland's Son!

Alas! she lives in the Eastern World,
This maid to climb his bed!
Her dark hair hath the glossy gloom
That crowns the raven's head!
Her cheeks are bright as sparkling blood
That freshly vent will run!
Her bosom white as one night's snow
For the King of Ireland's Son!

He is gone with the grey-green Mannikin
Who knows the Magic Word!
With the Archer of the Hazel Wood
Who shoots the Unseen Bird!

With the Boy who Blows the Hills Away !
And the Secrets-Hearing One !
Now lonely is the royal Dún
For the King of Ireland's Son !

He must steal the well-worn Cap of Wit,
And the tattered Shoon of Flight ;
And find the rusty Sword of Dawn
Hid in the Tree of Night !
The Cap will tell him where she dwells,
The Shoon will bear him on ;
And the Sword will loose her Geasa¹ bonds
For the King of Ireland's Son !

So, pray for him gone far away
Upon the March red wind,
Beyond the rim of the Eastern World
This Maid of Maids to find !
We'll pass the night with hero-tales
Till deeds of fame are done ;
And the Lady Under Geasa weds
The King of Ireland's Son !

¹ Geasa (pr. gassa), a spell.

THE LOVE WHISPERER.

There is a fairy called in Gaelic An Cladhairè Cam (pronounced something like Un Clahir'ya Com) literally The Crooked or Deceitful Rascal, who takes advantage of a young man's failure in keeping a love tryst, to assume the form and usurp the place of the absent one. He thus succeeds in enticing the deluded girl to his home under a green hill. He is called also The Love Whisperer, The Man in the Glen, and The Green Mountain Boy.

THE youth knocked thrice at Fairy Hall—

Time's Nether Stone stood still!—
He cried: "Sweet Girl, on you I call!
On you within this Hill!"—

She said: "Brown Boy, I linger here
Till Earth's Last Gathering Day,
A fairy bride beloved and dear,
In white halls hid away!"—

"Who thus hath bound you to his will?
Who hath the specious art
To lure you, 'neath his hollow hill,
When I had won your heart?"—

"The Cladhairè Cam! Him have I kissed,
Who wooed me in your guise,
As lonely, neath our Tree of Tryst
I pined for absent eyes!

“ Lo, 'twas your likeness, form and face,
Who chanced where you should be,
And greetings gave of love and grace
Beneath our Quicken Tree !

“ His looks were links that chained mine eyes
To his with eerie art ;
His words like flocks from sterner skies
Drave home birds from my heart !

“ His fragrant kiss seemed crown of gold
That maketh maid a queen ;
My new self flung the self of old
A-swoon upon the green !

“ They streak mid holy prayer and psalm
That form untouched of death,
Entranced, 'neath bands of lint-white calm
That harness every breath !

“ The Bride I'll be of Cladhairè Cam
While Time will turn his Stone ;
But, youth I loved, 'tis sad I am
To leave you Bird-Alone !

“ So ends my tale ! once told, 'tis told—
Its telling grieved me sore !
Take my farewell, O love of old,
We meet and kiss no more !”

He sat him down by Fairy Hall
Nine long nights under pain :
The green hill echoed call for call—
The bride spake not again !

He hid by gate of Sacred Cille ¹
On The All Souls' Ceilidh ² night,
He saw dead maids go o'er the hill,
But his blessed not his sight !

He lay by lios (The Upper Stone
Of Time held day's one Star);
He heard the laugh of joyous one
Who toured in unseen car !

He mused within a grassless ring —
(The Time Stone held a moon)—
He heard soft airs from flute and string
And trip of dancers' shoon !

He put an ear to frozen pool—
(The Nether Stone rolled dim)—
He heard the lilt of maids who cool
In summer streams white limb !

He came again to Fairy Hall
In a year and its one day ;
The hollow hill gave call for call —
At dawn he stole away !

But passing heard by Quicken Bough
Two whisper 'neath their breath ;
He saw them not, but knowing now
The truth, lay down with Death !

¹ Cille (pr. kill), a churchyard.

² Ceilidh (pr. kaily), a gathering.

CONN O' THE HUMP.

A FAIRYMAN'S TALE.

*Once on a time,
In the old World's prime,
I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory !*

A COMELY stripling, never reed
In sea nursed marsh uprose as straight !
My face was fair, so fair, indeed,
A maid for me would lifelong wait !
I flew like hawk o'er hedge and wall,
I ran like hound o'er plain and scart,
Who am the scoff of young and tall—
The harp-backed Conn ! The crookèd
Heart !

*I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory !*

My mother wed again ere grass
Grew ankle high on father's grave ;
And one by one out through the pass
My brothers sought the Eastern wave.
A fairy thimble made a boat,
A fairy kerchief made a sail—
They sped away to Isles remote,
And none returned with traveller's tale !

*I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory !*

I met a dame in red silk gown,
As I, too, found that Eastern sea—
“Fair youth!” she cried, “dost seek renown?
List! Voice o’er Waters calleth thee!
Thou’lt have a ship to sail the sea,
Thou’lt have a steed to step the land;
And if thou’lt hap this Maid to free,
Thou’lt win the guerdon of her hand!”
*I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory!*

I sailed blue waters, stepped green lands;
I saw a Dún in morning skies!
There, hapless boy, I wrung my hands—
So far this prison with my prize!
A grey man with a pilgrim’s mule
Passed thrice, turned thrice, nor passed
again—
“Boy! wouldst thou venture where men
fail?”
“Yea! Yea!” I screamed, “for peace is
pain!”
*I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory!*

He flung a ball (unwinding soft
Its threading as it left his hand),
That made to that gold Dún aloft,
A shimmering path of but a strand!
“If still thou darest, boy!” he said—
“Take this, my share of wisdom: go!
But turn not eyes on man or maid,
On fairy joy, on human woe!”
*I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory!*

I climbed this gossamer road in air ;
 (Mine eyes met at that far-off bourne)—
I heard the coil of hounds and hare,
 I loved the sound, but did not turn !
I heard the rush of armèd throngs,
 Chiefs breaking battles with strong swords ;
Bold victors chanting homeward songs,
 Men's laughs of love at banquet boards !
 I heard this story,
 By the Wells of Glory !

I climbed ! I climbed ! Mine own loved sire
 Cried from the deeps of some morass !
My brothers shrieked, as fairy fire
 Their bodies burned—unnerved I was !
I climbed ! I climbed !—Was that a sigh
 From one who tried to overtake ?
The feet on mine kept drawing nigh ;
 I felt the strand beneath me shake !
 I heard this story,
 By the Wells of Glory !

Then came a breath that caught and passed
 My nape in two hot streams of air ;
But O, the cry that followed fast,
 Seemed drawn from Love's sublime
 despair !
No heart of boy could stand that plaint ;
 I bowed my head to scan the face !
Mine eyes grew dazed, my limbs waxed faint :
 I reeled and fell through quivering space !
 I heard this story,
 By the Wells of Glory !

O Witcher, who didst wreak me harm ;
Didst lose me boon of Love's young
quest ;
Didst crooken back and shrivel arm,
And wither heart within my breast !
Thou lovedst, lovest me, gnarled and grey,
The scoff of boys o'er bold and bright ;
For Crookèd Conn unloved by day,
Walks Comely Conn beloved by night !
*Once on a time,
In the old World's prime,
I heard this story,
By the Wells of Glory !*

ANONN'S ANALL.

A FAIRY SWING SONG.

Anonn's Anall is Gaelic for hither and thither,
to and fro.

ONCE I went o'er Sleeping Water,
(Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
I met King o' Norraway's Daughter,
(Sing, anonn's anall !)
When the Fairies' Pot boils over,
Then to each I shall discover
What sweet boy she chose for lover !
(Sing, anonn's anall !)

Blue Cuckoo came westwards winging,
(Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
To the branch where we sat swinging,
(Sing, anonn's anall !)
“ May Bird, May Bird, specked and glossy,
Nestle in our basket mossy !
Preen thy bosom, fine and flossy ! ”
(Sing, anonn's anall !)

Long we swung o'er Magic Water,
(Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
Boy and Bird and Norraway's Daughter,
(Sing, anonn's anall !)
When we'd eaten all our honey,
We implored the Wizard Pony—
“ Take us, sir, o'er fordings stony ? ”
(Sing, anonn's anall !)

We went dry while he went dreeping !
('Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
Do I wake and was I sleeping ?
(Sing, anonn's anall !)—
Where slipped Pony through the water ?—
Where lost I King Norraway's Daughter ?—
Blue Cuckoo ?—I haven't brought her !
(Sing, anonn's anall !)

LIGHT O' LOVE.

A FOLK SONG.

“**Y**E pretty maids, sweet pretty maids,
Who crop the barley corn,
Will ye not greet Young Light o' Love,
Who walketh out at morn?
For Light o' Love—
Young Light o' Love,
Now walketh out at morn?”—

“We greet thee kindly, Light o' Love,
Though gone a year's long day!
Pray, dost return to cull a bride,
Where no maid sayeth nay?
So, cull a bride—
Come, cull a bride,
Where no maid sayeth nay!”—

No hand he pressed, no mouth he kissed,
He named none Dove! and Dear!
But, “Where may be the Brown-Haired Maid
Who cropped with you last year!
The Brown-Haired Maid—
My Brown-Haired Maid,
Who cropped with you last year?”—

“ Ah, well-a-way ! and lack-a-day !
That Brown-Haired Maid is dead !
On yestermorn, streaked out in white,
She filled Death's Bridal Bed !
Streaked out in white—
In virgin white,
She filled Death's Bridal Bed !

“ A year ago, no gladder one
Ran laughing through the corn !
Three days ago, no sadder one
Died ever love-forlorn !
Than this sad one—
No sadder one
Died ever love-forlorn ! ”

.

He trod the Sweet Rosemary path
That pleachèd ghostly ground :
He viewed the Bridal Bed of Death—
He walked it round and round !
The Bed of Death—
This Bed of Death,
Long walked he round and round !

“ Who cometh North ? Who goeth South ?
Who turneth East and West ?
Who shaketh ashes o'er my face
And dust upon my breast ?
All o'er my face—
All o'er my face,
And eke upon my breast ? ”

'Tis I, thy love, Young Light o' Love,
Who turn me, turn me round!—
Rise up, rise up, thou Brown-Haired Maid,
And walk i' the upper ground!
Come, Brown-Haired Maid—
My Brown-Haired Maid,
Walk i' the upper ground!"

"I cannot move, I cannot stir,
My hands and feet are cold;
For I am laid a night a day
Beneath the churchyard mould!
A night, a day—
A night, a day,
I lie beneath the mould!"—

"A spade! a spade! soon shall I lift
The charnel clay from thee."—
He saw her streaked in virgin white
And crowned with Rosemary!
This virgin white
In virgin white,
With crown of Rosemary!

"Where are," he said, "the gifts I gave,
The Breast-knot and the Ring?"—
"They lie," she said, "in mother's hand,
For them I could not bring!
In mother's hand—
My mother's hand,
Lie gifts I could not bring!"

“These gifts proved false, Young Light o’
Love!

My heart in them lost pride!
The Knot of Blue turned deadly white—
The Gold Ring grew too wide!
The Blue turned white—
Turned deadly white,
And Gold Ring grew too wide!

“So, take the Knot that gave its Blue
To wooing wind and rain;
And hang it on yon Fairy Thorn
And so will end thy Pain!
On yonder Thorn—
Yon Fairy Thorn,
Full soon will end thy Pain!

“Then, take the Ring that loosed its hold
And would from finger rove;
And throw it in the deep Draw Well,
And so will end thy Love!
In yonder Well—
Yon deep Draw Well,
Full soon will end thy Love!”

SHAUN O' THE STORIES.

A GIRL'S SONG.

WHO beats with his goad
The wheel furrowed track?—
'Tis Blind Shaun o' the stories,
His bag on his back!
Whoo, girls! now I'll crack
Red fire balls of glories,
That fell on his road
Like haws and mugôries—
I'll lighten his load!

What bulges his bag?
Are they apples and nuts?
Brown thrushes? goldfinches?
No! praties and gruts!¹
His lit pipe he puts
'Neath finger and quenches:
His step seems to lag:
One broken shoe pinches,
And gapes like a hag!

“Were you up at Broom Fair
With the Musharoon Folk?
Did you drive Queen o' Fairies
Around in her yoke—
The corn of an oak?

¹ Potatoes and coarse oatenmeal.

Or through Ladybird's Dairies ?
Or up and down stair
On cellar figaries ?—
No ! often you're there !

" With a one, two and three !
Did you jump underneath
To the Cave of the Witches
A-brewing of heath—
The honey sweet Meeth ?
Did you see a Lord's breeches
On Diddach a' Dee
Green silk and gold stitches ?—
No ? what *did* you see ? "

" Wisha, girl, cool your blood !
There's a drink before song
And there's meat before story :
So lead me along !
I'm not very strong :
But I'll turn out a Torie,
A Man o' the Wood
That will send you to glory ! "—
" Stop, Shaun ! I'll be good ! "

" Well, I went to the Moon
On a goose called a swan ;
And I saw Dónal Yallagh
And his wife, Norry Vawn !
Says The Man, ' Morrow, Shaun ! '
And says I, ' Dan the Sallow,
I want a long spoon
Full of very best tallow ? '—
'Tis *not* cheese, aroon !

“ There I saw the Grey Crane
Of Blacklee giving milk ;
And a Speckled Bull, spinning
White satin and silk !
Old Cormac O’ Smilc
Sat by the hob pinning
Fresh wool in his brain !—
Sure, girl, if I’m grinning
’Tis rheumatic pain !

“ I put safe in my sack
The Wise Fool o’ the Sea—
Big Molly Mulmerry,
Who found thirty-three
Salmons’ nests in a tree !
But I’m going to bury
That fool with my fack,
For asking to marry—
Who?—My son, Barny Breac !

“ Then I rode far and wide
On my black hafted knife !
In three drops of water
I swam for my life !
I won a fair wife—
A King’s only Daughter
With chariot to ride !—
Why haven’t I brought her?—
She’s *here* by my side !

“ You’ll not let me away ?—
I must stop for the night,
And sleep on the settle?—
Och, angel of light,
Your heart burns bright

Made of finest of metal,
Like Ring o' the Day!—
So, put on the kettle,
And, we'll all make Tay!"

SON OF BRIAN BUIDHE.

A FOLK SONG.

There is a rock near Mallow called Carrig Cleena. Here, tradition says, a youth named MacBrian Buidhe (son of yellow haired Brian) one morning surprised Cliodhna, the Fairy Queen, as she was bathing. She fled away on his approach, leaving her comb, mirror and wand behind her. That same night she appeared again, and having prevailed on him to restore her treasures, fell in love with him, and took him away to Fairy Land. Clann na Sidhe (shee) means fairy folk. Buidhe is pronounced somewhat like b'wee.

GIVE me back my Comb of Gold,
Son of Brian Buidhe ?

Prostrate here thy feet I hold—

Fair youth, pity me!

Like a mist o'er morning's light,

Tangled tresses dim my sight—

How can I go walk to-night,

With the Clann na Sidhe ?

Thou hast given and thee I bless,

But I tease no tangled tress !

Still unkempt I be,

Gazing on thy comeliness,

Son of Brian Buidhe !

Give me back my Mirror Steel,

Son of Brian Buidhe ?

At thy knees I humbly kneel—

Kind youth, pity me !

Dust and floss my eyelids grieve,
Spiders o'er my forehead weave—
How can I go dance this eve,
'Mong the Clann na Sidhe?

Thou hast given me my back my prize,
But I look not in its skies,
Here, beside thy knee,
I am gazing in thine eyes,
Son of Brian Buidhe!

Give me back my Hazel Wand,
Son of Brian Buidhe?
On my feet a Queen I stand!
Kneel, and give to me!
At its flash a pearly door
Opens to my palace floor—
Wandless, I would reign no more
O'er the Clann na Sidhe!

Loving youth, I take thy hand,
Kiss thy lips and wave my wand
Thrice o'er land and sea—
Lo, we enter Fairy Land,
Son of Brian Buidhe!

THE HERB OF HEALING.

A FAIRY FOLK SONG.

The Meachain or Herb of Healing is a plant of the parsnip family, but its identity is now lost.

THE Wren, the Wren, the King of Birds,
Sent o'er the land these royal words :
" My Queen lies ill : come cure ! come kill !
She asketh Herb of Healing ! "

When Herb of Healing none could find,
The King rode out, sev'n sons behind ;
And lo, he spied by boghole side,
This wondrous Herb of Healing !

" I, King of Birds, the strong, the bold !
Alone will prise this root of gold ! "
He pulled with might, aleft, aright ;
But brought not Herb of Healing !

" Prince Patraic, come ! thou gaunt Wolf-
hound !
Thine aid will make it leave the ground ! "
Two pulled with might, aleft, aright ;
But brought not Herb of Healing !

" Come, Michil, come, thou wild Red Deer !
My swiftest son, give lifting here ! "
Three pulled with might, aleft, aright ;
But brought not Herb of Healing !

“Come, Pedhar, come, thou Broad-Backed
Bear!

My powerful one, a moment spare!”—
Four pulled with might, aleft, aright;
But brought not Herb of Healing!

“Come, Cormac, come, thou bristled Brock!
Just lend a hand this root to rock!”
Five pulled with might, aleft, aright;
But brought not Herb of Healing!

“Come, Brian, come, thou battle Steed!
And strain this magic Meachain weed!”—
Six pulled with might, aleft, aright;
But brought not Herb of Healing!

“Come, Fionnán, come, thou brindled Bull!
We’ll have it up, if thou but pull!”—
Seven pulled with might, aleft, aright;
But brought not Herb of Healing!

“Come, Owen, young one, wise and cute!
My wee pet Fox, unearth this root!”—
All pulled with might, aleft, aright;
But brought not Herb of Healing!

They pull! they pull! A twiglet breaks,
And King and Princes sink in lakes!
They found their graves ’neath ebon waves—
They found not Herb of Healing!

’Twas thus King Wren who ruled the World,
With seven sons to death was hurled—
O Queen, so ill, come cure! come kill!
They bring no Herb of Healing!

THE HANDSOME BROWN BOY.

A HARVEST SONG.

Founded on an incident in "Waifs and Strays of
Celtic Tradition," Vol. v.

I.

Boy—

FAIRY maid, reaping the moon-silvered
furrow,
Wait for thy neighbour who followeth
thorough!

Girl—

Speedier thou, the more speedy I make me—
Handsome Brown Boy, come, o'ertake me,
o'ertake me!

Boy—

Moon under mist now travaileth in smother;
Wait, for I cannot see one stalk from other!

Girl—

Gloom, too, is on me; full oft I mistake me—
Handsome Brown Boy, come, o'ertake me,
o'ertake me!

Boy—

Hand craveth resting and hook asketh
whetting—
Wait till an edge on my blade I be setting!

Girl—

Knife to cut garlic mine own would not
make me—
Handsome Brown Boy, come, o'ertake me,
o'ertake me!

Boy—

Hand to heart crieth, I'm weary of reaping—
Toiler all day would now go to his sleeping!

Girl—

Daily through seven worlds' glens I betake
me—
Handsome Brown Boy, come, o'ertake me,
o'ertake me!

II.

Finished her task, she lay coiled on the
headland;
Slowly he sheared the gold corn from the
red land.

Till the last swathe o'er his knife toppled
madly;
Then from the furrow he leaped to her gladly!

Wisp in his left hand and sickle in right
hand,
O'er her he leaned while the moon lit the
bright land.

Moist were his eyes and his mouth ringed
with pleasure,
Crying, "O'ertaken, I kiss thee, my Treasure!"

"Yea, thou may'st kiss me, who darest to
carry
Wisp of the Dead! No earth maid wilt
thou marry!

"Mine shall he be who will leave field so
laden—
Handsome Brown Boy, kiss thy White
Harvest Maiden!"

Corn that they sheared lay in swathes on
the morrow:
Gold of the dawn kissed the gold of the
furrow!

Kissed, too, a reaper with wisp in his
keeping—
Handsome Brown Boy in his long fairy
sleeping!

LORD LANDLESS.

*" White fowl feather flew from Paradise !
Came Lord Landless, saw it viewless,
Shot it handless, walked away shoeless,
Right before mine eyes !"—Old Irish Folk Riddle.*

WHITHER away, Lord Landless ? said
she ;

My mossy bank why pass over ?
Maiden, the landless must wanderers be ;
No world is too wide for the rover !

Heigh-ho !

Onward I go ;

No world is too wide for the rover !

How do you feast, Lord Landless ? said she ;
My honey and oaten cake scorning ;
Flocks of white fowls on the Night's dark
Tree

I slay with my long Sword of Morning !

Heigh-ho !

Bosoms of snow

I slay with my long Sword of Morning !

Where do you sleep, Lord Landless ? said
she ;

My thatch would be mean abiding !
Rock of the mountain and wave of the sea
Make pillows for head under hiding ;

Heigh-ho !

The stilly and flow

Make pillows for head under hiding !

Who is your love, Lord Landless? said she ;
What fair lady sigheth for rover?—
Kisses are yours if you journey with me,
Far from your own bonnie lover !
Heigh-ho !
Girl, will you go
Far from your own bonnie lover !

Walking she goeth with Landless and Free ;
Highways and byeways they travel ! . . .
Weary maid down by the brink of the sea,
Lieth on green grey gravel !
Heigh-ho !
Heart full of woe,
Sleepeth on green grey gravel !

LOVE SONGS.

IF I BE LIVING IN ÉIRINN.

A GIRL'S SONG.

IF I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
In Spring o' the year,
When the birds go a-sweeting,
And the lands are in ear ;
I shall think of my meeting
With my Love and my Dear !
He first kissed me in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
In Spring o' the Year !

If I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
Next Midsummer Day,
When the small birds go singing,
And the green fields are gay ;
My red cloak o'er me flinging
By the sea I shall stray !
For he left me in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On Midsummer Day !

If I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On All Souls' Night,
When the birds' song is over,
And fields lose their light ;
I shall walk with my lover
O'er lands misty white !
I shall meet him in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On All Souls' Night !

MY LOVE WILL NE'ER FORSAKE ME.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 701.

MY love will ne'er forsake me,
Though clouds bring the rain ;
A Cloak his heart will make me,
Where safe I'll remain !
Then burst, cloud with thunder,
My head will be dry—
'Twill stay nestling under,
Till blue grows the sky !

My love will ne'er forsake me,
Though sun split the knock ;
A Wood his heart will make me,
On green branch to rock !
Smite fiercely, gold glory,
On land and on sea—
I'm hearing Love's story,
On my sweet Apple Tree !

My love will ne'er forsake me,
Though wild billows roar ;
A Boat his heart will make me,
To row me safe o'er !
Roar loudly, mad ocean ;
My boat saileth grand—
With soft pulsing motion,
To Love's Fairyland !

My love will ne'er forsake me,
Though packs loosen snow ;
A Home his heart will make me,
With peat fires aglow !
Snow thickly, white weather,
Fill glen mountain-high—
We two clasp together,
My true love and I !

I'M IN MY SLEEPING :
WAKEN NOT ME !

Taim i mo chodladh ; na duisigh mé !

THOUGH Dawn's Silver Ring
Crowns the brow of the hill,
And tresses of light
Mesh the eastern sea ;
Though winds from the west
Fret the run of the rill,
And rustlings of wings
Stir the bird-thronged tree !
Waken not me :
Balm I would borrow ;
Why should I dree
Woe with new morrow ?
Friends, fondly dear,
Linger not near
Love's Bed of Sorrow !—
I'm in my sleeping : waken not me !

The Day whose fair skirts
Went a-trailing o'er night,
Walked blue summer skies
From all earth mist free ;
Fanned wheat's emerald fire
Into clear amber light ;
Sipped cups dewy-brimmed
On gold-bounteous lea !

High on the height
 Stands a dark boulder,
Watcher all night
 Of sea-girt shoulder !
Crag, hurled above,
 Vainly you love—
Jealous seas fold her !—

I'm in my sleeping: waken not me.

As winds chafe that stone
 On the heather-clad hill,
And waves its lost love
 In the weed-strewn sea ;
So our sighs and tears,
 That arise at their will,
Wear out the lone hearts
 Of my love and me !

Friends, let me rest !
 Oft, in my dreaming,
True hearts are pressed !
 Fond eyes are beaming !
False though thou art—
 Dream of my heart !
Real thou'rt seeming !—

I'm in my sleeping: waken not me !

THE BANKS OF THE ROSES.

The opening verse is all that survives of an old song with the above title. The remainder is original. The verse and air are given in Dr Joyce's "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs," No. 128.

OH, if ever I wed 'twill be all in the May,
When the fields they are green, and
the meadows are gay,
When my true love and I may both sit,
sport and play,
All alone on the banks of the roses !

I'm a brave hearty boy—I can hurl with
the best !
Throw a sledge o'er a mark—aye, or fight,
if hard pressed ;
But I seem like a child or young bird in
a nest,
As we sit by the banks of the roses !

Sure, the wren o'er the eagle once victory won,
When for glory they sailed to the shores
of the sun ;
She now rules all the birds, this same, cute
little one,
From her throne on the banks of the roses !

Now, I feel like that eagle o'erthrown by
that wren ;
I would hide from all hurlers and sledge-
throwing men,
To go worship my victor in green grassy glen
'Neath her bow'r by the banks of the roses!

So, we both will be wed in the white month
of May :
Hang out fair wedding favours, each haw-
thorny spray !
Sing your songs of delight, all ye birds,
green and grey,
For a bride by the banks of the roses !

THE BOY CROSSED IN LOVE.

Founded on an old song.

'TIS my heart's exceeding sorrow
That no fog enfolds the road,
That I might walk out in secret
With my fair sweetheart of glory!
Full pockets of white round pieces,
And she far away bestowed,
Would please and delight me never—
'Tis the burthen of my story!

Come and hear the tale of a lover :
I will open my low half door !
Only stars for neighbours travel
The hill to my desolate dwelling !
To them I may tell my trouble
That all human ears would bore !
What man heeds the sad-eyed creature
Who holdeth no kine for selling ?

Henceforward 'tis I may soften
All alone the roads we trod !
Henceforward be calm with your coolness,
O stars, that beheld us kissing !
Henceforward give ear to the beating
Of my wall-clock's wagging rod,
Measuring me empty moments,
And she that could fill them missing !

My heart is a hill of hatred !

Come not near its pent-up flood,
Thou loon who didst buy my darling !

Ye parents who sold your daughter !
Ye kinsmen, who cheapened the higgling—

Oh aye, 'twere a bargain good !—
Away, ye crowd at love's market
Or launched all my heart's red water !

High above the briary bóreen

The stars travel foeless plain :
No white mist curls from the marshes—

She cannot escape her jailors :
They spy on her feet of fairy
Lest we two should meet again !
And at morn she will wed this huxter
Who bought of her love retailers !

A castaway worthless garment,

A brogue to the bogs out-tossed,
A husk from the gold wheat winnowed,
A hazel that hath no kernel :

Such is my coreless bosom,
Whose heart wanders lone and lost—
Save it, Lord, from the whisp'rings of demons,
That tempt it to deed infernal !

DARK SLENDER BOY.

Air No. 102 in Dr Joyce's "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs."

THE Boy Dark Slender,
Roved o'er the mountain
To wildernesses
No man did hold.
He scored their uplands
With shining coulter
Till dawn's white daisies
Were laid in mould !
He filled his furrows
With seeds o' fairy—
(The Star of Morning
Saw his employ)—
'Tis now a garden
Of light and laughter—
Thrice happy owner,
Dark Slender Boy !

The Boy Dark Slender,
Pierced through my bosom
To haunts of wildness—
My daisy plain !
He scattered fancies
And made a garden !
His smiles were sunlight—
His tears were rain !—

Rise, in rose garments
Ard Righ of Summer !
Moon, crowned with lilies,
 Light lamps of joy !—
'Tis time for reaping,
For gathering glory—
'Tis Love's gold harvest,
 Dark Slender Boy !

COME, SIT DOWN BESIDE ME !

A SEA LOVE SONG.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 651.

COME, sit down beside me, my Own
Heart's Delight !
Let no dread of danger thy bosom affright !
Though mountain to mountain may never
remove,
One heart to another will fly with its love !

O, lone goes the lugger without a small boat ;
And lone goes the captain who anchored
must float !
He looketh at cliff, and he looketh at strand,
But far from the harbour he comes not to
land !

On green dome of motion, my barque holds
the sky ;
On gold bed of leisure thy small boat I spy !
I wing o'er wild waters and heave close
beside
Where winds whip white horses to bring
me my bride !

Come, feather the bright oar, my Own
Heart's Delight ;
Let no dread of danger my sailor affright !
I drag at my anchor but tarry to find
If thou, love, wilt brave both the wave and
the wind !

KITTY'S WISHES.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," p. 10.

I wish I had a Kerry Cow
To drive abroad among the clover !
I would sit on yonder brow
And sing the summer back again !
Till every minute Drimin Dhu—
This Kerry Cow—would wander over,
Looking too, as if she knew
The burthen of my strain !
Oh, 'tis a weary world !
Oh, 'tis a dreary world !
Money is man's only good—
His bosom's sole beatitude !
Pity a colleen poor,
Who never sees the magic door,
Where Fortune calls
To Fairy Halls
Of Pleasure and of Love !

I wish I saw a Leprecaun
Among the double rooted brambles—
I would clasp my hands upon
His little Lordship cleverly !
I'd make him show the Crock of Gold
We pass unseen upon our rambles ;
Somebody, now strange and cold,
Would then think well of me !
Oh, 'tis a weary world, etc.

I wish that I could even find
A Four-Leaved Shamrock 'mong the
liosses—
I would make this lover kind,
As hand in hand we'd fondly rove !
'Tis I would win from him his heart
With sunny smiles and rosy kisses—
Och a rie ! 'tis sore the smart
That comes to maids in love !
Oh, 'tis a weary world, etc.

AS I WALKED ON THE ROAD TO SLIGO.

Air No. 123 in Dr Joyce's "Old Irish Folk Music
and Songs."

AS I walked on the Road to Sligo—
(Rise my heart, just like the day!)
I lilted up a lover's lay
I learned from Travelling Teigue O!
And like the May sun mounting free,
Och, 'twas the top o' the morn with me;
My heart climbed up Love's rosy tree,
That morn on the Road to Sligo!

As I came to the Town of Sligo—
(Weep, my heart, just like the day!)
The rain came down like ocean spray—
Och! why on earth did *I* go!
The little girl I hoped to meet
I could not see on lane or street;
My heart and soul were drenched complete
At noon in the Town of Sligo!

As I roved through the Town of Sligo—
(Smile, my heart, just like the day!)
The sun let fall a sudden ray,
Like wink from Mat Mulleigue O!
And there, just at the end of town,
I spied a head with tresses brown—
My heart shone like a silver crown
On the slippery streets of Sligo!

I flew to meet my girl in Sligo
 (Sink, my heart, just like the day !)
 It was her sister cold as clay,
And miserly husband, Poig O !
 So with the sun sunk in the west,
 And cranes and crows in watery nest,
 My heart lay bogged within my breast
That night on the Road from Sligo !

IF SEAS WERE INK.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 770.

IF seas were ink and trees were pens,
I'd write no line, my Dear!
I'd rove at will through hills and glens,
To sigh when no one's near!
The heart is proud though poor as wren's;
No plaint shall you, love, hear—
Though seas were ink and trees were pens,
I'd write no line, my Dear!

If leaves were lips and winds were breath,
I'd speak no word, my Dear!
I'd hold my secret till The Death,
Locked it in grave-sealed ear!
The heart is proud that sits beneath
The door of Love in fear—
Though leaves were lips and winds were
breath,
I'd speak no word, my Dear!

MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS.

THE BAIRIN BREAC.

A PLOUGH SONG IN CONSECUTIVE COUPLETS
FOR THREE VOICES.

In the following song I have adhered to the traditional method of our old Gaelic folk singers. Three persons formerly took part in the operation of ploughing—a boy to lead the horses, another to hold the reins, and an experienced man to guide the plough. To beguile the time one of them would ask the boy leading the horses, did he see any signs of a little speckled cake (Bairin Breac) in the heavens, and a trio, often improvised, would be at once fairly started. See Petrie.

I.

First Boy (holding the reins)—

COME Boy, 'mid skies a journey take—
Go find in heaven The Speckled Cake !

Second Boy (leading the horses)—

Where dawn-winds sweep the webs from
morn
I see men reaping fields of corn !

Ploughman—

Come haste, strong men with crescent steel—
Our Sister Mary waits for meal !

II.

First Boy—

'Tis time these men had cut the grain ;
Fly up, my lad, 'mid skies again !

Second Boy—

The brilliant blinding field lies low,
And fair maids bind a wheaten row !

Ploughman—

Come haste, fair maids who tie the corn—
Our sister's bin is meal forlorn !

III.

First Boy—

The sheaves are bound. Mark, wandering
Seer,
Yon rays that gleam and disappear !

Second Boy—

Now flails go flashing o'er a floor,
Where young men thresh a glittering store !

Ploughman—

Come strike, brave youths ! Strike with a
will—
The miller's idle at his mill !

IV.

First Boy—

The corn is threshed. Sky Pilgrim, say,
What means yon mist of gold and grey?

Second Boy—

'Tis bright chaff flying o'er a lawn,
When land winds dry the sheeted bawn!

Ploughman—

Go, chaff of gold : come grain of grey,
To fill our sacks for many a day!

V.

First Boy—

The grain is free ; clouds gather fast ;
What seest thou in the sun o'ercast?

Second Boy—

The grey wheat dries upon a kiln,
When winds are dying 'yond the hill!

Ploughman—

God dry the grain and save it sweet!—
Now, Mary, rake your fire of peat!

VI.

First Boy—

The wheat is dried. A honey-shower!
See, Peregrine, yon rainbow bower?

Second Boy—

A blue stream winds around a wheel,
And red stones grind the golden meal !

Ploughman—

God sent this shower to swell the stream !—
Now, Mary, skim your crock of cream !

VII.

First Boy—

The corn is ground. Sky winger, gaze
On yon mysterious silver haze ?

Second Boy—

Where daylight shifts from door to eave,
The white flour sifts from sieve to sieve !

Ploughman—

God bless new flour in the old bóraun !¹—
Now, Mary, put your apron on !

VIII.

First Boy—

The flour is sifted. Traveller, say
What vision peeps through door of day ?

Second Boy—

Where daylight speeds from tree to tower,
A young maid kneads her fine white flour.

¹ Bóraun (boghran), a sort of tambourine used in
kitchens for kneading flour.

Ploughman—

God guard her store from gnawing thieves !—
Now, Mary, work in elbow sleeves !

IX.

First Boy—

The dough is kneaded. Shadows run :
What seest thou in the round red sun ?

Second Boy—

A sweet girl shakes a joyful head :
Her baireen bakes 'mid embers red !

Ploughman—

God love all little girls that smile !—
Now, Mary, haste, and cross the stile !

X.

First Boy—

The sun departs. A beam delays—
Tired Traveller, heed these beckoning rays !

Second Boy—

Where night dews fall, a colleen stands :
Too far to call, she waves her hands !

Ploughman—

Fly down, fly down, the skies forsake !—
'Tis Mary with The Speckled Cake !

A WEXFORD FISHING SONG.

Air : "Poll Cearnuit," No. 1129 in "The Complete Petrie Collection."

THE red sun rolls down over Ballyteig's
waters,
And the Saltees grow misty and grey ;
At home on the mainland our wives and
our daughters
Are wishing good luck on the day !
With a west wind long blowing, our nets
filled o'erflowing
From a shoal that broke under our lee ;
Then raise high a chorus, the way lies
before us,
With a boat full of spoil from the sea !

The wind from the Northlands is cruel
and smiting,
And the young lambs we scarcely can save ;
While the wind from the Eastlands is callous
and blighting,
And it adds a full foot to the wave !
O sweet west wind singing ! a seagull low
winging
Is our hooker that skims light and free—
So raise high a chorus, the way lies before us,
With a boat full of spoil from the sea !

The wind from the Southlands is soft and
beguiling,
And it quickens the seeds we have set ;
But the wind from the Westlands is soothing
and smiling,
And it brings the bright fish to the net !
Then ho, for the west wind, for oh, 'tis the
best wind
To save all poor fishers from dree ;
And raise high a chorus, Kilmore lies
before us,
With our boat full of spoil from the sea !

Phil, veer round the sail ! Andy Moore,
safely guide her !
One more tack and we make for the pier !
See my Ellen, with Marg'ret and Stasia
beside her—
May I e'er thus come safe to my dear !
O sweet Queen of Heaven ! let meet praise
be given
To The Babe Who once sat on thy knee !
While we raised high our chorus, His blessing
hung o'er us,
In the boat full of spoil from the sea !

WHO KILLED THE FOX?

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

WHO killed the Grey Goose,
Mother of ten?

"I!" said the Red Fox—

"Down in the Glen!

My wife wanted goose-grease
To rub on her shoes."—

"But, why kill the goslings
Along with the goose?"

Ho, Fox! Hi, Fox!

Where be your Tears?—

Isn't he the Sly Fox?

Pricking his ears!

Who killed the Black Hen
That clocked in the bawn?

"I!" said the Red Fox—

"Out in the dawn!

My wife wanted feathers
To spread in the den."—

"But, why kill the chickens
Along with the hen?"

Ho, Fox! Hi, Fox!

Where be your Tears?—

Isn't he the Sly Fox?

Pricking his ears!

Who killed the Fat Sheep,
Fleecy and white ?
“ I ! ” said the Red Fox
“ I ’ the dead of night !
My wife wanted wool-packs
To warm her in sleep. ” —
“ But, why kill the lambkins
Along with the sheep ? ”
Ho, Fox ! Hi, Fox !
Where be your Tears ? —
Isn’t he the sly Fox ?
Pricking his ears !

Who killed the Red Fox,
The murdering rogue ?
“ I ! ” said the Serving Boy
“ With my Old Brogue !
He choked all our goslings :
He killed all our flocks !
I ! ” said the Serving Boy —
“ I killed the Fox ! ”
Ho, Fox ! Hi, Fox !
No one hath Tears !
That’s the end of Sly Fox ! —
Come home, my dears !

LITTLE RED HEN.

A FOLK TALE.

ONCE a Rat and Cat and Red Hen grew fat,

In the hollow oak of a grassy glen :

“ Let us have a feast fit for Parish Priest,
The like of which never was seen by men !

Let us haste and make

A dark speckled cake

With plums from the lands of the Saracen !”

“ Let us !” says Rat ; “ Let us !” says Cat ;

“ Let us make the cake !” says Little Red
Hen.

“ Who will go to the mill by the mountain
rill,

That tumbles o’er rocks to our grassy glen ?

And get wheat ground as the wheel goes
round,

Then sifted and sacked by the miller’s men ;

That we three may make

Our dark speckled cake

With plums from the lands of the Saracen ?”

“ I won’t !” says Rat ; “ I won’t !” says Cat ;

“ I’ll do it myself !” says Little Red Hen.

“Who will elbows bare and will apron wear,
And mix the dough with a housewife’s ken?
Who will round the cake and set it to bake,
And watch that it may not blacken or
bren?

Who will undertake
To bespeck this cake
With plums from the lands of the Saracen?”
“I won’t!” says Rat; “I won’t!” says Cat;
“I’ll do it myself!” says Little Red Hen.

“Who will take high seat with neck-kerchief
neat,
White coifed like the wives of great
gentlemen?

Who will bend a face at saying of grace,
And at end of the blessing will pray,
Amen?

Who will eat the cake
That myself shall bake
With plums from the lands of the Saracen?”
“I will!” says Rat; “I will!” says Cat—
“I’ll eat it myself!” says Little Red Hen.

THE FAR AWAY WEDDING.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 468.

TWENTY miles over hills to the back
of God-speed,
Mat Whitty once went for a beautiful wife ;
And, as I was his friend, I put saddle on
steed
And set off to guard him from danger
and strife !
"You're welcome, my lads !" says Phelim,
her father ;
"Welcome !" says mother, trying to smile !
For hours there was nothing but blarney
and blather,
Beyond at their house on the Hill of
Campile !

At night the good neighbours all came in
a throng—
And soon their fair daughters had heads
out of curl ;
Then some of the lads that were foolish and
young
Imagined a walk should be good for a girl !

"Come out for a stroll?" says Nicky to
Nóreen ;

"Molly!" says Mike, "we'll sit on the stile!"
So eight loving couples went down the green
bóreen,

That climbed to the house on the Hill of
Campile !

Och, sure I can't tell you the name of each
dance ;

For I got into talk with a girl of the Neill's!
And, all I could see with a casual glance
Was the rest of the company whirling like
wheels !

And, it's "Maybe I'd suit?" I whispered to
Nannie—

"Wait till we see!" says she with a smile!
"Och, I fear," says myself, "I'm a midge
among many,
With boys thick as blackberries here in
Campile !"

But it chanced later on that she sat by my
side—

And it's likely, indeed, I'd encircled her
waist !

For our fiddler while playing a hornpipe
cried :

"Well done, my strange blade! Good
luck to your taste !"

"Won't you follow our lead?" says Mat at
the double :

"Do!" says the bride, with a bow and
a smile—

You'd roast a green goose at the fire of my
trouble,
A sight among strangers in stony Campile !

I was new then at courting, soft, artless, and
young,
And ever and always too bashful and shy !
For a black beardy man, with a twist in his
tongue,
Whipped Nan and her fortune, and left
me to sigh !
It was, Nan, had I sense to do my endeavour,
You'd now be seated beside me in style—
Though mountainy men are all crafty and
clever,
I'd steal the best jewel they have in
Campile !

Oh, 'tis often I think of that far away place ;
Of the grand hauling home of Mat's
beautiful bride ;
Of the boys for her garter out having a race ;
And that sweet little slip that sat by my
side !
Ah, but maybe 'twas best to love her and
lose her !
Here, there are plenty of girls to beguile ;
And one above all !—Och, I cannot but
choose her—
God help any rival I meet from Campile !

MOTHER, WILL YOU LET ME TO THE FAIR?

A COLLEEN'S SONG.

Air No. 827 in Stanford Petrie Collection.

MOTHER, will you let me to the Fair?
Worlds of wonders will be there!
Chintz and china and woman's ware,
Bonnie blue ribbons to tie my hair—
Oh, mother, let me go a-Fairing?

I'll start when morning points the way,
Under the willows' arches grey,
On to the high road far away,
Over the bridge to the Fair-green gay—
Oh, mother, let me go a-Fairing?

I'll buy me shoes of the Spanish brown,
Dimity petticoat and drugget gown,
A pair of buckles for silver crown,
With beaver bonnet to wear to Town—
Oh, mother, let me go a-Fairing?

Meehil will meet me there, somehow!
Somebody whispered he'd sell a cow;
He'll come as far as our furzy brow—
Maybe he'll ask me—*Sure, you know!*—
Oh, mother, I must go a-Fairing!

DOWN THE GREEN LANE.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," No. 71, Part ii.

DOWN the green lane I followed my
Kitty,

Skirting the meadows one morning in May!
Lightly she tripped as she carolled a ditty,

Hushing the thrush on the hawthorn spray!
"How are you, Kitty O! Sure, 'tis a
pity O!

That you should wander alone like an elf!"
Quickly she answered:—"There's peace
upon Kitty—

She never can quarrel when she's by her-
self!"

Down the green lane I followed my Kitty,

Under white blossoms on bramble and tree!

Swiftly she tripped as she carolled her ditty,

Baffling the words of my passionate plea!

"Turn to me, Kitty O! Sure, 'tis a pity O!

That you should sing when so sweet you
can spake!"

Quickly she answered:—"When one isn't
witty,

Knowing a song, you can't make a mis-
take!"

Down the green lane I followed my Kitty—
Red were the blushes that mantled her face!
Slower she tripped as she carolled that ditty;
And just let me put a few words in their
place!

“Love me, sweet Kitty O! Sure, ’tis a
pity O!

That you should leave a poor heart in the
cold!”

Gently she answered :—“ There’s one in the
city

Can warm you with flashes of silver and
gold!”

Down the green lane I followed my Kitty,
Till by the stile at the bridge o’er the brook,
Sudden she stopped in the midst of her ditty,
Then turned and bestowed me a wonder-
ful look!

“Listen, sweet Kitty O! Sure, ’tis a pity O!
That I should want but the gold of your
love!”

What was her answer? O ye that are
witty

Might know by our glances as home we
did rove!

THE LOVER'S ARITHMETIC.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," "Who'll come
fight in the snow?" Part i, p. 27.

KITTY has a heart
That beats the Bank for riches !
Two grey eyes that start
My blushes like innocent hares !
Dimples three that make
In chin and cheek love niches !
Four gold curls that take
The shine out of pedlars' wares !

One, two, three—
Kiss on your fingers with me !
Four and five—
Kiss while the word is alive !
Six, seven, eight—
Kiss or you're apt to be late !
Nine and ten—
Kiss and count over again !

Five pink fingers pull
That long-tailed ass, her needle !
Six soft balls of wool
Like simple sheep wait to be shorn !
Sev'n pence in the frost
From her did beggarman wheedle !
Eight half-crowns she lost
In the well by the Fairy Thorn !
One, two, three, etc.

Speckled sisters nine,
Her hens—'mid fields meander !
Ten recruits in line,
Her ducks waddle off to the Spring !
Eleven goslings flock
Around her dancing gander !
Twelve *was* Kitty's stock
Of boys, till I got to be King !
One, two, three, etc.

THE TIN WARE LASS.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 437.

I.

ONE morning as the sun
Had begun
His Royal Coach to run,
I was standing at my door in state ;
When adown the old sea road,
With a load
Of Tin Ware deftly stowed,
Came a maiden to our haggard gate !
A red and blue plaid shawl
Clung round her figure tall ;
Beneath peeped a petticoat
Like green rye grass !
With a dark bewitching eye,
And a shy
Side glance of humour sly,
Came a greeting
From the Tin Ware Lass.

II.

"D'ye want a kittle, can,
Puddin'-pan,
A gallon, tin, or tay-draw'r ? —
'Tis I do have them cheap and fine."
"Oh, no, my gipsy pride !"
I replied,
"I've yet to win a bride ;
And to marry you I much incline !"

“ Kind sir, I see full well
That in plenty you must dwell,
 To let can, kittle, puddin’-pan
 And tay-draw’r pass !
If for marriage you’re inclined,
And your mind
Sets on a maiden kind,
 It will not be on a Tin Ware Lass !

III.

“ I shall wed with Jerry’s son—
He’s the one
Can saudher lock of gun,
 And make tinnies out of clips and dross !
Or, undaunted Phoenix bold,
That oft sold
An assheen twice as old
 As the windmill at Rathangan Cross !
No farmer’s homely boy
Could ever make my joy ;
 For he never would go roving round
 With car and ass !
Sure, at home he’d want to stay ;
Till, some day,
Would wander far away
 The wild spirit of his Tin Ware Lass !”

IV.

“ My pretty dear !” said I,
“ I would try
To keep you as mine eye,
 Doubly guarded from all hurt and harm !

Let this Tin Ware others sell
Come and dwell
With one who loves you well,
 In a little house with brown thatch warm !”
“ My roof for late or soon
Shall be skies of night or noon ;
My fires, sun and moon,
 And crystal streams my glass !
My bed the emerald earth ;
And my mirth,
Birds singing at the birth
 Of the daisies¹ !” said the Tin Ware
 Lass.

¹ Only she didn't say it. What she *did* say wasn't at all poetical.

IF ALL THE YOUNG MAIDENS.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No. 821.

IF all the Young Maidens were blackbirds
and thrushes,
A-making sweet music in white flowering
bushes,
 No work I'd be doing :
 I'd sit and be strewing
The grains of my barn for the sake of their
song !

If all the Young Maidens were cowslips
and daisies,
Till filled was the meadow with sweet pretty
faces,
 I'd scratch my head over,
 And chew a red clover—
The sorrow a scythe would I sweep through
the throng !

If all the Young Maidens were stars in
the heaven,
Out peeping like mice through the chinks
of the even,
 No sleep I'd be getting,
 But sighing and fretting,
When Dawn's whiskered cat stretches out
her long tongue !

If all the Young Maidens were mealy potatoes
A-laughing and smiling—‘ Young Man, come
an’ ate us?’

I’d die of starvation,
A sight for the nation—
And lie in my grave, ere I’d put in a prong !

So you see, Molly O ! I’ve a heart soft and
tender ;

And don’t you stand out, but just make
your surrender !

If you’re bold like these Thrushes
That fight in the bushes,
I’ll turn to some Blackbird, and sing her
my Song !

THE LITTLE SPECKLED HEN.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," "The Pullet,"
p. 37.

I'M a hardy bird from the Glen of Graigúe-
na-Sally,
Where you must have heard my sweet
cackle in the valley—
Now, upon my word! 'tis a shame for
Widow Scally
To be asking eggs from her neighbours
in the Glen!
I've laid for her for seven seasons seven
eggs a week;
And every morning to my nest an egg she
came to seek;
And even on a Sunday too, she never let
me rest,
But put her bony fingers in to feel beneath
my breast!
Crying: "Hen, my dear! what a length
of time you're staying!"
With her: "Dear, oh dear! what a
deeshie egg you're laying!"
With her: "Soon, I fear, that no more
they will be saying,
That no bird can lay like the Little
Speckled Hen!"

'Twas in March gone by, as young Matty
Moore was thatching,
That I gave a sigh, when I saw some
chickens scratching!

"Now, 'tis time," said I, "that a family
was hatching

For my lonesome heart in the cabin
of the Glen!"

I laid my eggs at break of day beneath an
ivy bush,

When nobody was looking but a blackbird
and a thrush—

"My boys!" said I, "now for your lives
don't whistle what you've seen;

And I'll have a nice young family around
me on the green!"

With my cluck, cluck, cluck! at my talk
the widow wondered!

On my cluck, cluck, cluck! long she
puzzled and she pondered!

It was cluck, cluck, cluck! till she followed
me and plundered

All that nest of eggs I had hidden
in the Glen!

I am moulting now, and I haven't got a
feather;

And I don't know how I shall keep myself
together!

And you'll all allow, 'tis unheard of in such
weather

To expect fresh eggs till my feathers
grow again!

I'd go and settle in the bogs, just like the
ducks and geese,
And lay my eggs whene'er I like and where-
soe'er I please ;
But that the water and the wind would make
my body ache—
Then what a fearful pillalu ! the widow too,
would make !
Crying, " Hen, my dear ! sure, you wouldn't
be so cruel
As to leave me here with my bowl of
water gruel !
Won't you still be near, O my little
speckled jewel,
Just to lay one egg for a widow in
the Glen ? "

THE READING-MADE-EASY.

Air in "The Complete Petrie Collection," No, 672.

AS I softened the road on my way from
the Fair ;

Myself and my bit of a heifer—
(I'd sold my meel¹ cow and I'd bought with
my share

Her likeness, you'd scarce know the differ!)
I o'ertook at the windmill a school-going
maid,

And she taking her time, fair and aisy ;
And, under her arm, very tattered and
frayed,

Was that book called a Redamadaisy !

Says I :—" Colleen O ! in no hurry you go—
It seems you're not fond of the schooling !
You're just like myself, in the days long ago,
Very wild, and inclined for the fooling !"

Says she, with a blush, " I was watching that
thrush,

And he sitting in state there so lazy !"

Says I, " My young lass, in that bush there's
a class,

And he's teaching the Redamadaisy !"

¹ Meel (maol) hornless.

Then, says she, " I was looking, too, up at
the lark,
Till he got out of sight and all knowledge!"
Says I, " That same bird doesn't care for the
dark,
And he's gone to the Sun's Summer
College!"
Then, says she, in a fright, " Sure, I'm not
over bright,
And hard words in the book set me crazy!"
" They'll peep yet," says I, " bright as stars
in the sky—
Every word in your Redamadaisy !

" You're fond of the flowers and you're fond
of the birds,
And the green and the gold of the season !
There is joy in your smile, there is wit in
your words,
And you've beauty, according to reason !
But steal an odd hour from the day's double
pack
And 'tis you'll get the learning quite aisy ;
Then some prince, maybe me, will come
looking to see
If you're done with your Redamadaisy ! "

FRENEY THE ROBBER.

Air No. 6 in "The Complete Petrie Collection."

I MET Captain Freney beyond Mon'ster-even,

Dark night in his pistols, bright day in his eye !

But he seemed out of sorts, for, says he,
"Tommy Devin,

Did you see the King's Man with his bags
riding by ?"

"Faith !" says I, "Captain Jack, he got up
before morning ;

Long ere he was due he swept by with
a rush !"

Says he, "Gauger Moore must have given
him warning ;

But I'll yet catch the fox and I'll whip off
his brush !"

"Sure, Captain," says I, "'Twas yourself was
off courting

That nice little barmaid in mad Mullingar !

If for gold and not love you would now go
a-sporting,

There's old Colonel Palliser home from
the war !"

“ Put your hand there, my Buckeen, your
tidings come handy ;
I'll run through his house when the
maids are at rest !
I'll rummage his plate and his red wine and
brandy,
And I'll send you his medals to hang on
your breast ! ”

My life to you, Freney, you kept to your
promise !
One morning a horseman rode up to my
door,
Saying, “ Here's twenty guineas for one
Masther Thomas—
Bould Freney has sent them before he left
shore !
'Tis from Waterford Quay he has sailed, for
some traitor
Has stagged, but ere long he'll be back on
the grass !
Then God help the man from Bank Clerk to
Escheator
Who dares travel Ireland without a free
pass ! ”

I was up in Big Dublin last May a palaverin'
With a buyer of wool at The Saint Kevin's
Port ;
We'd a jug of strong punch at The Bleeding
Horse Tavern—
And, who was my woolman but Freney
the sport !

“ Musha ! Jacky,” says I, “ you’ve the cheek
of the Divil,

In the red grate of danger to venture your
life ! ”

“ Arrah, Thomas,” says he, very handsome
and civil,

“ I’d jig on the gallows to win a rich wife ! ”

Now I learn he is married in splendour in
Dublin,

With money to spend and with nothing
to do !

Troth, that very same thought my poor
mind is a-troublin’—

How men thrive on money that isn’t their
due !

God help me ! the guineas he gave me all
vanished,

Just like the soft snow with a change in
the sky—

Jack Freney, I wish o’er the seas you’d been
banished,

’Ere I told you a story that wasn’t a lie !

YELLOW HAIRÈD MOLLY.

A PEASANT'S SONG.

Founded on an Old Ballad.

THERE'S Mike Molloy and all his joy's
in fishing and in fowling ;
And Mogue Magee you'll ever see upon the
Fair Green bowling ;
But my delight by day and night was follow-
ing my folly—
To hold and fold in my two arms my Yellow
Hairèd Molly !
With my, Love of my Bosom !
Pulse of my Being !
Love of my Bosom !
Pretty Molly Buidhe !

I was rambling back from Ballyhack with a
faireen for my darling,
When I heard upon a crooked bush two
thrushes and a starling :—
“ Now take it fair (they said), for there's no
ivy for the holly ;
Another one has wooed and won The Yellow
Hairèd Molly ! ”
And 'twas, Ochone, my Sorrow !
Ochone, my Grieving !
Ochone, my Sorrow !
Fickle Molly Buidhe !

Two brothers gay I have to-day, but far are
they from Farney :

Young Pat is at The Cove, and Mat is boat-
man in Killarney !

So off I'll ramble to some town and drown
my melancholy ;

And, maybe, meet a girl to treat me better
than my Molly !

'Twill be, Let us be Drinking !

Let us be Dancing !

Let us be Drinking !

Pshoo ! for Molly Buidhe !

THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," No. 51,
Part ii.

QUICK! My mare get saddled and
bridled!

What though it be night and the fields
under snow,
There's a soul to be saved and no time to be
idled,

The Priest in his Boots o'er the heather
must go!

Ho, Tom, my boy! rise up from your feather
bed;

Sleep is a thing you must take when it
suits!

Shake your lazy bones and limber your
leather head,

Or you're not the Boy for the Priest in his
Boots!

Grand he looks as he rides down the valley,
No man in the hunt ever kept such a seat;
There's no truer hoof on the road than his
Sally,

She'll give him good work for each bit
that she'll eat!

Ho, Tom the Boy! you're proud of His
Reverence!

Proud, too, of Sally, the best of all brutes!
No wonder people pay him such deference,
The Sun in the night is the Priest in his
Boots!

He seeks a hut at the bounds of the parish,
Seven long miles up hill and down dale!
So long a ride a poor curate must harrish,
To find an old granny that nothing does
ail!

"Ho, Moll, my girl! you'll live for these
twenty years,
Like a witch elm with its deep clinging
roots!

So here's a crown to ward off your fainting
fears—

You'll see me down yet!" said the Priest
in his Boots.

I like his face when he's blessing his people,
Or when you're a-telling your sins at his
side;

I like his gaze at his chapel's new steeple,
But I like him the best when he goes for
a ride!

Och, Tom, my boy! he looks like Saint
Michael

When he outside Heaven the Devil
confutes!

And when I am reaching the end of life's
cycle,

May I have a friend like the Priest in his
Boots!

WHEN THE PRATIES ARE DUG.

Air in Levey's "Irish Dance Music," Part i.
No. 94.

WHEN the praties are dug
And the frost is all over,
When the trees bud
And seedlings advance,
I'll take my old fiddle
From out of its cover,
And send you all word
Of a song and a dance !

We'll sing of the Blackbird
That whistled for Charlie,
The Thrush in the Bush,
And the Lark in the Air ;
The Hare in the Corn,
And the Wind in the Barley,
And the Girl that met Barney
At Bandon Fair !

And when toe and heel
Impatient go tingling,
With jig and reel
We'll hammer the floor !
Across and a-through
We'll go mixing and mingling
Till daylight's white arm
Shall open the door !

We'll dance Morgan Rattler,
And sweet Judy Brallaghan,
Tatther Jack Walsh,
And young Moll in the Wad.
How are you now, Kitty?
And, Pat, won't you call again?
And end with the Humours
Of Ballinafad!

And, faith, won't I startle
The larks in the morning,
A-playing my fiddle
Right over their nest!
Sure, the hen-bird will think
That, without word or warning,
The sun has dropped down
With a choir on his breast!

I'll play soft and easy
The golden-haired Coolun,
I'm now in my sleep,
And the Brink of the Rocks;
The Little Black Rose,
And the Sword of Cuchullin;
And I'll leave them in peace
With the Death of the Fox!

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

IRISH NÓINÍNS (Daisies)

Being a Collection of

- I. HISTORICAL POEMS AND BALLADS.
- II. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GAELIC.
- III. HUMOROUS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.
- IV. MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Price 1s in Fancy Paper Cover ; Cloth, 2s.

Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, Dublin.

The Literary World: "It is packed full of delight. The quaint Celtic flavour, the magic that always exists in the outcome of native song breathed on the hills, not hammered out in a literary workshop, are to be remarked on every page. . . . The Translations from the Gaelic are full of charm."

The New Age: "A handful of wild flowers . . . Mr M'Call has a genuine gift of poetry, and is own brother to those roving Jacobite pedlars and schoolmasters who gave such gems of song to the Irish and Anglo-Irish poetry. There is a charm about such song not easy to express—something wild and artless, sweet as wild honey, and this exquisiteness comes to the author of 'Irish Nóiníns' as his lawful inheritance."—(Mrs Hinkson).

Irish Ecclesiastical Record: "Not since the days of Samuel Lover has anything so genuinely Irish appeared that at the same time has any literary merit . . . The most original, the most genuine, and, at the same time, enjoyable book of verse that has come from an Irish pen for many years past."—(Rev. J. F. Hogan).

The Academy: "This little volume holds a good measure of genuine poetry. Few recent books of verse have chanted to us a braver song than 'The Bonnie Brown Haired Girl whom I love.' Those who do not know that fine old tune, 'The Fair Hills of Ireland,' to which the poem is admirably wedded, will at least be fascinated by the quaint lilt of Mr M'Call's lyric."

Foolscap 8vo, Cloth Gilt, 160 pp. Price 2s. 6d.

SONGS OF ERINN.

Extracts from Press Opinions.

Irish Monthly: " 'Ned of the Hill' is a beautiful lyric: so is 'Pretty Moirin O!' So is an 'Old Man's Song' with its story of the old couple got out to dance, and its refrain. Everywhere in the volume there is poetry—poetry which is not a mere echo, but an individual emotion and inspiration."

Glasgow Observer: "A master of Irish idiom, brimful of native sentiment charged to the lips with national feeling as expressed in Irish song, Mr M'Call has given us in "Songs of Erinn" one of the best collections of Irish poems which has seen the light during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mr M'Call has established his claim to be considered as one of the first half-dozen of Irish singers in our own day."

The Literary World: "Nothing but the heartiest recommendation is the lawful due of Mr P. J. M'Call's 'Songs of Erinn.' This delightful little book is full of attractive qualities, among which there are to be found high spirits, skill in the management of metres, a glamour that only a true poet could impart, and fragmentary lines that refuse to be forgotten."

United Irishman: "It will waken thoughts of many kinds—thoughts of the brave days of old and days that we ourselves have known beside the rivers and among the bushes. The real breath of the mountain, the real heart and accent of the people are here."

Irish People: "Mr M'Call's 'Songs of Erinn' is the most delightful little book of Irish verse we have lighted upon for many a day. To read it is as pleasant as sitting on an Irish heather hill and hearing the mountain brooks tumbling down in the sunshine."

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin.

Foolscap 8vo, Cloth Gilt, 160 pp.

Price 2s. 6d.

Pulse of the Bards.

Extracts from Press Opinions.

Weekly Independent: "Mr M'Call is to be heartily congratulated on his latest effort, which is worthy of a permanent and a high place in the literature to which the recent revival of Gaelic thought has given rise."

Publishers' Circular: "There is an immense vivacity, breeziness almost, about these poetic outpourings which is bound to enchant the fancy of a reader endowed with ordinary imagination. Occasionally the author writes in a more sober vein, and the passion underlying his muse is perhaps even more attractive than the lightsomeness of his gayer moods."

Reynolds' Weekly Newspaper: "No one can question the music of these lyrics, or that Mr M'Call has caught the very essence of the melancholy Gaelic spirit. These poems for the most part are as sad as the history of Ireland; they embody the traditional brooding, depressing spirit of the Celt. Not that the poet cannot strike a lighter note, as may be judged by the following piece of comedy." Quotes 'The End of the World.'

Daily News: "We like his 'Slaun Beó,' an Irish exile's song, though we think it contains some echo of Callanan, a poet whom Mr M'Call resembles. His translation of 'Ululu, my Wallet,' is excellent, and shows a real gift for rendering subtle alien metres in an English equivalent. His lullaby, 'Soontree,' is charming. One of his best poems is 'the Bench of Luchair Ruadh,' the Bench of Green Rushes, an old name for Ireland. It is not without fault, but it is stirring and full of spirit."

PRESS OPINIONS—*Continued.*

Glasgow Herald: "One finds in Mr M'Call's work the pleasure so often lacking in modern poetry—the pleasure that comes from good song with lilt in it and heart in it. The translations from the Gaelic have a quite peculiar charm, born of mingled love and sadness—sadness with a strain of pathetic longing in it which seems to contain the essence of Irish feeling. The same beauty of thought and phrase and the same music of rhythm give depth of appeal to many of the miscellaneous songs, among which we would single out 'Slaun Beó' for its absolute truth of feeling and pure lyric quality. But the especially insinuating charm of the book is probably best brought out in the humorous poems, where the verse has a wheedling persuasiveness which seems to be the birthright of the Celt, while at the same time we feel we are in the presence of folk who have warm hearts, human weaknesses, and quick eyes for the love, the beauty, and the fun of earth."

Aberdeen Free Press: "Mr M'Call is a genuine poet, and possesses the true Irish spirit. He knows how to interpret the spirit of ancient myths and legends, with their weird mysticism and intense feeling for Nature, while his lighter pieces exhibit a characteristically Hibernian humour. His present volume is sure to be regarded as a by no means inconsiderable contribution to the Irish literary renaissance, and will afford pleasure to all lovers of poetry."

Irish Times: "Mr M'Call's style is simplicity itself, though where vigour is wanted there is no lack of force. His songs are Irish of the Irish, and are full of sweetness, laughter, and imagination. He is a master of dialect, and the patois of the gipsy and the peasant are rendered with truthfulness and humour."

Scotsman: "Have a simple charm of sentiment and fun that is of universal appeal. The work is light always, but that is no fault where it is so natural and graceful. The work will be read with pleasure by everyone interested in current developments of Irish poetry."

Irish News: "Among the later school of young Anglo-Irish writers few can turn out more fresh and vigorous verses than P. J. M'Call. The book is to be welcomed as expounding something of the spirit and feeling of the Gael in a foreign garb. A fine swinging ballad is the old battle hymn of 1014, 'Clontarf,' and that also dealing with the legend of Dunlang O'Hartigan, Morogh O'Brien's friend, and how he fell in the battle."

PRESS OPINIONS—*Continued.*

New Age: "He is a typically Irish poet. There is no mistaking the melody of his verse, its haunting charm. Mr M'Call seeks inspiration in the fabled glories of a forgotten past. We hear the lamentation of Credé, the beautiful bride, over Cael, her husband, or we listen to the strains of the harp of Dagda, silent in the tents of the enemy. It is from a web of mystery and dream that these verses have been woven. No Englishman could have written 'The Bouchaleen Bawn.' No Irishman can fail to be moved by it."

Northern Whig: "Mr M'Call keeps close to the bardic tradition. Although he has a distinct poetic gift of his own he does not deem the interpreter's task unworthy, and thus his work has its real value for those whose aim is to catch the spirit of early Gaelic literature. Mr M'Call deserves special credit in that he has brought his readers into touch with Irish character in its entirety. 'Pulse of the Bards' is well entitled to its place, and it is a high one, among recent books of Irish verse."

United Irishman: "The breath of Ireland is in all. But Mr M'Call has an especial love for South Leinster, and an especial intimacy with its people. We can recommend this book to any Irishman or Irishwoman who seeks verse, kindly Irish of the Irish, and we trust some of our patriotic vocalists will take our hint, and when in doubt of what good song to sing, turn to Mr M'Call."

To-Day: "A collection of verse of Celtic inspiration and varying merit which deserves to be read."

Dana: "Mr P. J. M'Call belongs to the brotherhood of Gerald Griffin, Banim, D. F. M'Carthy, Callanan, and their compeers rather than to the modern company of Irish verse writers. His latest volume, 'Pulse of the Bards,' is exceedingly pleasant reading. The translations are without stiffness and the original songs have an unmistakable Irish flavour as genuine as the version from the Gaelic. His rhyme is facile and unhackneyed in effect; his songs have a taking lilt—they should go well to music."

Literary World: "Mr M'Call well knows how to put in front of us a ballad brightly tuned, or a song with a lilt or a rollicking piece of fun, or a translation little spoiled by its passage from the Gaelic to English. 'O Boy with Hair Flowing' and 'Curly Locks' are favourites of ours in a collection that ought to win for Mr M'Call the regard

PRESS OPINIONS—*Continued.*

of many readers, for in its pages pathos and merriment are displayed in the right metres, and with a verbal skill as cunning as it is spirited.

New Ireland: "Historical ballads and humorous sketches are here—we think Mr M'Call excels when in lighter vein; and fittingly in this the year of the celebration of his birth centenary appears an Ode to Clarence Mangan. Mr M'Call gives us a realistic pen picture—indeed a series of snap-shots—of the weird creature in the cloak and the queer old hat."

Pall Mall Gazette: "Some of the more dramatic pieces might very well rank in any good anthology of modern Celtic verse, especially instances like 'Credé's Lamentation over her Husband,' a rhyming exercise in ten quatrains, which smooths away its own difficulties by careful selection and genuineness of feeling." (A verse quoted).

St James' Gazette: "'Pulse of the Bards' is full of Celtic charm and rhythm. All are musical. 'Donal' Og' has a haunting swing about it, and so has the 'Lament of the Lady Nuala.'"

Irish Packet: "A most entertaining little volume full of Irish thought and feeling."

New Ireland Review (Edmund Leamy): "Less philosophical, more attuned to humanity's passing impulses of laughter and tears, the poet of 'some simple matter of to-day,' interpreter of the Irish peasant's heart is Mr P. J. M'Call. But he can also waken old Gaelic echoes, and has many moods in few pages. Now he re-sings the lament of the 'Drimin Donn Dilís,' now an old love song. Now it is a bit of light comedy like the charming 'Inside Car,' and now an attempt to vie with the intricacies of Gaelic verse. Perhaps there is nothing better in 'Pulse of the Bards' than the fine war song, 'Brian Boroihme's March,' where the passion and steel clash of the great Good Friday of 1014 are again awakened."

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin.

In the Shadow of St Patrick's.

With Map.

Price 6d in Paper Cover ; Cloth 1s.

Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, Dublin.

Press Opinions.

United Ireland: "Full of historic interest. Reminiscences of Major Sirr, of Jemmy O'Brien the informer, of Zozimus etc., abound in its pages."

Independent: "One feels sorry at finishing the last page that there is no more."

The Fenian Nights' Entertainments.

Price 1s in Paper Cover ; Cloth 2s.

Dublin : O'Donoghue & Co.

Northern Star: "As Irish as the Slaney. We lay down the volume with a sigh for the good ould times ; a smile at the adventures of the Omadaun Mor, and a feeling of gratitude to our friend of twelve pleasant evenings the versatile Mick Neill."

Shan Van Vocht: "An entirely pleasant jocular book, full of a vast amount of learning as well as fun. The dialect is a study."

* * All the foregoing volumes (except 'Irish Nónínns' which is out of print) may be had post free at the published price from the author, 25 Patrick Street, Dublin.

RETURN TO: CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

198 Main Stacks

LOAN PERIOD	1	2	3
Home Use			
	4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS.

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.

Books may be renewed by calling 642-3405.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW.

APR 07 2002		

446643

McCull

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

